

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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One Halfpenny.

WILL THERE BE A WINTER WAR BETWEEN NORWAY AND SWEDEN?



A critical situation exists between Norway and Sweden in connection with the disagreement at the Conference between the international delegates at Carlstad. Since the marriage of Princess Margaret of Connaught to Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden England is intimately interested in the doings of Scandinavia. At the present time war between the two countries would mean all the hardships of a winter campaign, for snow is already falling in Norway. The photographs show: (1) Prince Adolph, the Crown Prince, in the Swedish uniform on ski; (2) Princess Margaret of Sweden; (3) Norwegian troops on the march; (4) a halt for the night, the cooks at work; (5) Norwegian artillery crossing a snow plain. The map in the centre shows the two countries and the frontier separating them.

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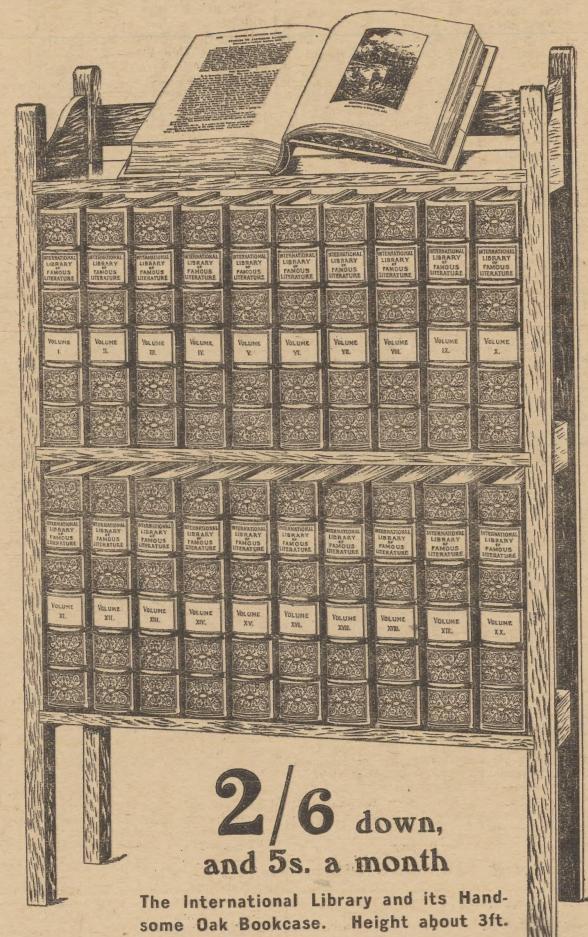
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NEAR TO BREAKING-POINT.

Neither Norway Nor Sweden Disposed To Give Way.

INTENSE ANXIETY.

Ultimatum Talk, and Grim Rumour of Norwegian Mobilisation.

The tension between Norway and Sweden has reached its extreme limits, and the outlook is of the gravest description.

Sweden is determined not to relinquish her demand for the demolition of fortresses on the Norwegian frontier, and the arbitration question still remains a grave stumbling-block.

It was hoped that the conference would come to some satisfactory result yesterday, but this anticipation was not realised.

It is believed that a group of Continental Powers are exercising their influence to bring the two nations into amicable arrangement, and Captain Wallenberg, a member of the Swedish Riksdag, interviewed in London yesterday, was confident that the matter would be amicably settled. "It is incredible," he said, "that the two nations should resort to arms!"

DR. NANSEN IN LONDON.

One of the most significant features of the situation is the presence in London of Dr. Nansen, the well-known Arctic explorer and Norwegian politician. He is here in connection with the rupture, and has paid several visits to the Foreign Office. He called yesterday afternoon to see Sir Thomas Sanderson, the Permanent Under-Secretary, and made a prolonged stay.

The Press Association has reason to believe that there is still reasonable probability that the difficulties in the way of the dispute now in progress between Norway and Sweden will be removed, and that a definite offer of the Norwegian crown to Prince Charles of Denmark may eventually be made.

A special messenger left the Foreign Office yesterday bearing important dispatches for Stockholm.

A correspondent states that seventy Swedish sailors went on a torpedo-boat at Thorneycroft's yard at Chiswick yesterday morning. The torpedo-boat is to be armed.

It is rumoured that the Norwegians are massing troops on the frontier.

NORWEGIANS ANXIOUS.

Gave Fears That Sweden's "Desire for Peace" Cannot Be Relied Upon.

CHRISTIANIA, Thursday.—News from Karlstad with regard to the progress of the negotiations is being awaited in Norway with the greatest anxiety.

While there is a deep and earnest feeling in favour of peace, the public is convinced that if Sweden does not agree to a treaty of arbitration as an offset to the razing of the Norwegian fortresses on the frontier, her assurances that she is desirous of a lasting peace cannot be taken seriously.—Reuter.

TENACIOUS SWEDES.

Norwegian Press Pessimistic, but Says Position Is "Not Quite Hopeless."

CHRISTIANIA, Thursday.—The "Aftenposten" publishes a telegram from Karlstad stating that the Swedish delegates are tenaciously holding to the conditions framed by the Extraordinary Riksdag, and it is stated that their attitude with regard to the proposed arbitration treaty is such as to render further negotiation between the two parties difficult.

The situation, however, is not quite hopeless, it being pointed out in different quarters in Sweden that the breaking off of the negotiations will not necessarily mean war. A final decision will be arrived at to-day.

The "Morgenbladet's" correspondent at Karlstad telegraphs: "Although an absolute ultimatum on the question of the frontier fortresses has not been presented by Sweden, it is nevertheless quite clear what the Swedish demand amounts to."—Reuter.

DELEGATES SIT APART.

KARLSTAD, Thursday.—This morning's sitting of the conference on the dissolution of the Union lasted from eleven o'clock to one.

Throughout the proceedings the delegations sat apart, and consulted together separately. The conference was resumed at four o'clock this afternoon.—Reuter.

CANAL BURST.

Mile of Water Descends on Lancashire Cottagers.

FLOODED OUT.

An exciting incident, which might easily have become a great disaster, is reported from Liverpool.

At Lathom, some ten miles from the city, the banks of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal collapsed, and, for the distance of about a mile, the water rushed over the low-lying country close by, converting it into a small lake.

The fact that there was a leak in the bank was first noticed by a passing boatman, who warned the local foreman of the company. The latter found that a brick culvert underneath the canal had given way, but he was unable to avert further disaster.

Ultimately the bank collapsed completely, and the released water rushed with extraordinary violence over the land below. The embankment is some 14ft. above the surrounding country, and the rush of the water was like a mountain torrent.

MAELSTROM IN LIVING ROOMS.

There were some cottages close at hand, and before the sleeping inmates—it was night at the time—knew what was happening the lower parts of their houses were awash, carpets being swept up and chairs and tables floating about. There was a deal of excitement, but eventually men, women, and children clambered out of the windows and waded on to dry ground.

Another row of cottages 150 yards further away was also inundated, the water pouring in under the doors and making a perfect maelstrom of the lower rooms. On a large stretch of road the macadam was completely washed away, but the tale of the disaster would have been much larger had not the flood found a convenient stream, Ellen Brook, by which a large part of it was carried away.

As it was, besides the damage to the cottages, a large area of potatoes and other crops was ruined, and the Liverpool Corporation Famine at Cat-hall suffered a good deal of damage. When the subsidence became known the locks were closed on the further reaches of the canal, thus saving a further escape of water.

The canal is one of the oldest in the kingdom, and has a depth of six or seven feet and an average width of about forty feet. It is of considerable commercial importance.

RUNAWAY TRAIN.

Failure of Brakes Leads to Another Accident on the Minxland Mountains.

Another railway accident—the second this season—occurred in the Isle of Man yesterday.

This took place on the well-known Snaefell Mountain electric system. A car was descending, and the brakes failed to act. After rushing down some distance, it crashed into the car in front. Several passengers were injured, one of them, a little girl, seriously.

The Snaefell Railway, which starts at Laxey, and is four and three-quarter miles in length, has a gradient of 1 in 12.

GIFT FOR MR. CARNegie.

Slavonic Society Implore Millionaire's Assistance in Aid of Persecuted Christians.

At Skibo Castle yesterday, a deputation from the Slavonic Society of Moscow presented Mr. Andrew Carnegie with a diploma of honour and a silver cup of Slavonic workmanship.

Colonel Tcherep Spiridonovitch, the president, explained how he had seen rows of Christians, men, women, and children, decapitated in Macedonia by Turks.

He appealed to Mr. Carnegie to lend his moral aid in stopping these shameful massacres.

Mr. Carnegie promised to examine the question, and declared that the continuance of Turkish power was a disgrace to civilisation.

LORD CHURCHILL HURT BY A BALL.

Owing to having been struck by a cricket ball at Leicestershire, Lord Churchill, though not seriously injured, has been unable to attend the German army manoeuvres, to which he had been invited by the Kaiser as a guest.

FACE GRAZED BY AN EXPRESS TRAIN.

Hearing an express approaching, John Wright, a plate-layer at Disley, Cheshire, yesterday, only had time to throw himself flat in the six-foot way. He was close to the rails, and the train grazed him on the arm and face, causing slight injuries.

KAISER'S FEAR OF PLOTS.

Owing to His Anxiety He Fails to Respond to His People's Calls.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Thursday.—The Kaiser is in low spirits. There can be no doubt about it. On the big parade at Berlin he was in a condition of abstraction, and he appeared to be nervous.

He did not reply to the "Hochs" of the people with his customary smile and occasional salute. The reason was that he was afraid of a plot on his life.

Before the parade the police warned the householders to beware of a man who might want a window to watch the march of the Kaiser and his staff.

The man was described as "good-looking, tall, with excellent teeth, and black hair."

He was undoubtedly an evildoer, who had an intention to kill the Kaiser, but the mysterious personage with the good teeth and black hair does not appear to have turned up.

The Kaiser is well guarded at present, and it would be impossible to say how many detectives, Russian and German, are guarding the Grand Dukes Alexis and George, who are just now sipping the waters at Homburg.

BARON KOMURA.

Illness Caused by Being Drenched While Driving at Boston.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—One of the physicians attending Baron Komura attributes his patient's illness to his getting thoroughly wet from being caught in a shower while driving in an open carriage at Boston and then taking the train for New York without changing his clothes.

Baron Komura's condition continues to be favourable.—Reuter.

RIOTING IN JAPAN.

Soldiers Guarding Consulates, Warehouses, and Oil Tanks.

TOKIO, Thursday.—Shortly after midnight a mob of 5,500 men, mostly coolies, boatmen, and outcasts, in two bodies began to attack the police at Yokohama.

They burned eight police shelter-boxes and tore down three. Other objects of attack were the police stations, Customs houses, official residences, and large commercial establishments.

Four hundred troops were sent from Tokio by special train shortly before dawn to-day. Soldiers are now guarding the Consulates, warehouses containing explosives, and oil tanks.—Reuter.

BAKU STILL UNSETTLED.

Attempt to Prevent the Reopening of Traffic by the Use of Explosives.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—Private advice from Baku state that the strikers endeavoured to prevent the tramways from working by laying explosives and stones on the rails.

Soldiers are now guarding the lines. It is added that two divisions of troops will be concentrated in the Baku district.

The Minister of Finance received a deputation of the principal naphtha producers, including M. Nobel, who presented a report asking, among other things, that troops should be kept at the oil works, that the police system should be improved.—Reuter

LANDSLIDE IN RUSSIA.

Terror-Stricken People Flee from Their Homes Near Odessa.

ODESSA, Thursday.—An enormous land subsidence has occurred at Malafontanne, near here.

A large area of the ground has sunk sixty feet. Houses have been swallowed up and large crevasses have been formed.

The whole aspect of the locality has changed. The inhabitants have left their homes and fled here.—Exchange.

THE TSARITSA.

Central News telegram from St. Petersburg says rumour has it that the Empress is in an interesting condition of health.

CHOLERA STILL SPREADING.

BERLIN, Thursday.—The official "Staatsanzeiger" announces that during the twenty-four hours ending at noon to-day, nine suspected cases of cholera and two deaths from the disease were reported in Prussia.—Reuter.

RACING IN THE AIR.

Balloon Travels at the Speed of an Express Train.

LURCHED LIKE A SHIP.

After an extraordinary experience in the international balloon race, Mr. Stanley Spencer, who, in the Vivienne III., ascended to a height of three miles and travelled at fifty miles an hour, returned to England yesterday.

"Fifteen balloons had entered," said Mr. Spencer to the *Daily Mirror*, "but the gale was so high that only three started for the race. It was a question as to which could travel furthest before touching the ground again, and we won."

The wind was blowing half a gale, about thirty miles an hour, at the start, and Mr. Leslie Bucknall and Mr. Spencer decided to get well above the clouds, calculating that there would be a still stronger wind at the higher altitude.

"It was dry when we started," said Mr. Spencer, "but when we had reached a height of 3,000ft. rain began to fall heavily, sounding like the rattle of bullets on the case of the balloon.

FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.

At 9,000ft. we got above the clouds, and out of the rain. Here the velocity of the wind was much greater. At our highest point, three miles, it was blowing at nearly fifty miles an hour."

They had started with the wind blowing from the north-east, but at this height the balloon suddenly commenced to lurch most alarmingly and to move back in the opposite direction. The general direction up to this time had been towards Paris.

The balloon had now suddenly got into a south-westerly wind, blowing at about fifty miles an hour.

As the balloon passed from one fiercely-blown current of wind into the opposite, the shock was such that the balloon swayed violently, and it seemed as though the car must be overturned.

THROWN FROM THEIR SEATS.

As it was, the voyagers were thrown off their seats and had to cling to the car. They soon recognised what had happened, and the balloon was speeding away back towards Belgium at a terrific pace.

"For a long distance as we were rushing along the silence was intense," said Mr. Spencer, "but as we passed over the ironworks districts of Belgium and Germany we could distinctly hear the peculiar roar of the blast-furnaces and the clanging of the steam-hammers, although we were three miles above them."

The adventurous voyagers finally landed in Germany, near Cologne, and telegraphing to Liege found that the prize was theirs.

LIVED IN A TOMB.

Husband's Promise to Dying Wife Kept for Twelve Years.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—Mr. Jonathan Reed, a wealthy Brooklyn resident, died yesterday in a costly tomb in which his wife was buried twelve years ago.

He spent most of his waking hours in the tomb, having promised her on her deathbed that he would never leave her side.

He was seized with a stroke of paralysis while in the tomb in May last.

Mr. Reed leaves a large fortune, which is divided between two nephews, one of whom is a hotel-keeper and the other a bar-tender.—Central News.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Colonel Thomas Tully, formerly secretary of the Royal Military Tournament, died at Croydon yesterday.

While Miss Morris, a teacher in the high school in Chesterfield (Iowa), was lecturing on electricity she was struck by lightning, says Laffan, but will probably recover.

Serious disorders are reported from Castellon, in Spain. The civil guard were attacked by the mob, with the result that one man was killed and eight were seriously injured.

The International Waterways Commission, says Reuter, yesterday considered the advisability of damming the head of the Niagara River in order to raise the level of the Great Lakes.

The annual report on the working of the State railways of Victoria for the year ended June 30 shows that both the gross and net revenues were the largest ever earned, showing a surplus of £249,000.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Light northerly breezes; very fine and sunny generally; warm afternoon, cool night.

Lighting-up time: 7:13 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth.

"BLUEBEARD'S" LONDON HOME.

Witzoff's Visit Without the Disguising Glasses.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

"Witzoff," the bigamist, whose aliases, so far as they are known, number thirteen, is still at large. Although his portraits, reprinted in the *Daily Mirror*, have been circulated throughout the kingdom and abroad, his capture has not yet been effected.

More evidence has been obtained, however, which seems to strengthen the theory that "Reader," of Strangeways, Manchester, is "Westen," the mysterious dentist who suddenly disappeared from Dysart-street, Finsbury, ten months ago.

Alice Bell, a good-looking Peckham girl whom "Witzoff" is said to have married in the name of "Westen," asserts that he went to Manchester at the end of last year—just about the time when "Westen" left Finsbury—and that afterwards she followed him to the Cotton City and became his wife in a registry office.

Not long after her baby was born, and being unaware of her husband's remarkable career she was happy enough until last Saturday, the day "Reader" left Manchester. She then walked into her father's house in South London with her "husband."

His Latest Disguise.

"Westen" said that he and "Alice" were leaving for Paris that night, for business was bad in Manchester.

He seemed very excited, and refused to wear his glasses. On Monday night "Westen" and his "wife" and child left, and since then no more has been seen of them. Next day, says Mr. Bell, he recognised "Westen" as "Witzoff" by seeing the latter's portrait.

The registrar who "married" the dentist to Miss Bell last April has since corroborated Mr. Bell's statement that "Westen" is "Witzoff."

It was remarkable that at 66, Waterloo-road, Manchester—the address of the marriage certificate—"Westen" was known as "A. W. Reader," both before and after the wedding. His "wife," however, was called "Mrs. Westen," and was supposed to be the wife of another man.

Curious Coincidence.

It is as "A. W. Reader," too, that Witzoff appears in the police description issued at the instance of a Strangeways tradesman, who declares that he has been defrauded. The description is as follows:—

Albert Wolf Reader, thirty-nine; height, 5ft. 9in.; pale complexion, black hair, moustache with turned ends; weight, 18st.; black suit, silk hat, and identical with newspaper photos.

During his stay in Manchester, it appears, "Reader" was making love to innumerable girls. Then, last Saturday, he disappeared, and ever since Monday night, when he left South London, he has been swallowed up in mystery, which not all the efforts of the police have yet unravelled.

WINDSOR "PANDEMONIUM."

Scandalous Postcard-Selling at the Castle Gates Summarily Stopped.

Selling postcards at the gates of Windsor Castle has become such a nuisance that the authorities determined to put a stop to it.

As a result two lads were brought before the Windsor magistrates yesterday, charged with obstruction.

According to the evidence of the police there was a regular pandemonium on Castle Hill owing to the postcard-sellers, and many complaints had been received.

On Sundays the din was as bad as on other days.

After giving a warning that other delinquents would be severely dealt with the magistrates bound the boys over.

J.P. DIES WHILE CYCLING.

Councillor Wilkins, a Rushden magistrate, was seized with heart failure while cycling yesterday, and died immediately. He was formerly the "Times" correspondent in India.

FORGERY IN A BAIL-BOOK.

Because he was not aware of the enormity of the offence, a charge of felony was withdrawn against William Hickey, who, to help a friend, had forged in the bail-book at Kennington Police Station the

MRS. ARTHUR PAGET.

Further Operation Ten Months After Her Serious Accident.

Mrs. Arthur Paget, the wife of Major-General Paget, underwent another operation yesterday for the injuries to her thigh and kneecap sustained by a fall down a lift-shaft at her residence, 35, Belgrave-square in August last year.

An operation was performed shortly after the accident, but the bones did not set, and in November she underwent the surgical treatment of the celebrated German bone-setter, Professor Hoffa, specially summoned to London for the purpose.

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Paget was removed to Berlin, where the treatment was continued.

One of the fractures, however, would not unite, and yesterday Sir Alfred Fripp performed another operation, and the doctors are very pleased with the result.

The operation was of an exceedingly trying nature, but the patient sustained it well. The ultimate result will depend upon her recuperative power.

Last night Mrs. Paget's condition was stated to be quite satisfactory.

KILLED ON THE STAGE.

Shocking Accident to a Young Actress in a Pittsburgh Theatre.

During the performance of "Fighting the Flames," a realistic representation of a house on fire, at a theatre in the Pittsburgh Exposition, a shocking accident occurred, writes our New York correspondent.

Jeanette Lawrence acted the heroine, and at a critical point had to jump from a window into the arms of a fireman hanging from a rope.

For some unexplained reason she jumped too soon, and, missing the fireman, dived head first on to the stage, 30ft. below, and was killed.

The accident was witnessed by nearly 1,000 people.

INKED-OVER SIGNATURES.

Their Validity Gravely Questioned in a Registration Court.

The Registration Courts are producing their usual crop of hair-splitting and brain-racking technicalities.

At Finsbury yesterday the Liberals objected to 200 occupiers claiming on the ground that pencil signatures had been inked over in the Conservative agent's office at a time beyond "the qualifying period."

This was merely done, said the Conservatives, to preserve the signatures.

Mr. Fitzpatrick (Liberal agent) urged this was tantamount to forgery, or sailing close to the wind.

The Conservatives urged there was nothing to prohibit them making a signature permanent, as in the case of wetting any indelible pencil signature.

The Reviving Barrister has reserved his decision.

SEPT IN HIS COFFIN.

Grim Form of Thrift Practised by P.vident London Voters.

There was quite an anecdotal air about the Bermondsey Registration Court, which opened yesterday.

In support of one claim it was remarked that if it was absolutely genuine—not a case of a son sleeping with a brother or on or under the parlour table.

The Reviving Barrister: Not in a coffin. I had a case where a man claimed a vote in respect of a workshop where he slept in a coffin.

"I can tell you a better story than that," interposed Dr. Cooper. "There used to be in Bermondsey a coffin club, the members for which used to subscribe for the purchase of their coffins, which were distributed by ballot."

"One member I knew used to sleep in his instead of on a bedstead, whilst another stood his in the corner of his room, fitted it up with shelves, and used it as his larder, afterwards being buried in it."

This incident reminds one of the fact that Miss Sarah Bernhardt always includes her coffin amongst her luggage whenever she travels.

NO CUNARD-WHITE STAR COMPANY.

The *Daily Mirror*, in answer to inquiries from the Cunard and White Star companies at Liverpool, was informed yesterday that there is no truth in the report that a "combine" has been arranged between these great steamship lines.

CLAPHAM SHOOTING TRAGEDY.

In the case of Walter Stephens, who was yesterday indicted for the murder of his wife at Clapham by shooting her, the Old Bailey jury failed to agree, and Stephens will be tried at the next session.

TOURING MOTOR RACE.

Isle of Man Competition Marked by Many Minor Accidents.

Many accidents occurred during yesterday's motor-car race in the Isle of Man, but most of them were fortunately of minor importance.

The most serious was the running over of two children by a motor-car, one of the victims being badly hurt.

Minor mishaps to tyres and machinery were responsible for many retirements. One motor-car had two wheels wrenched off, two others collided, one ran into a tree, and another into the walls of a public-house.

The conditions of the race made it particularly interesting to motorists. It was a competition for touring cars, which had to go four times round the Gordon-Bennett eliminating course, a distance of 204 miles, on $\frac{9}{10}$ gallons of petrol.

If a driver used all his petrol before he finished he was disqualified. Reckless racing was therefore out of the question. It was a test of smooth running and economy as well as reliability and speed.

The race started in brilliant weather, and thousands of spectators lined the course. The Hon. C. S. Rolls in his 20-h.p. Rolls-Boye car, left the starting-point at Quarter Bridge, Douglas, at nine o'clock, and the other forty-one competitors followed at two-minute intervals.

Breakdowns caused many of the competitors to retire, but others made splendid records. Driving with great steadiness and judgment, Napier won the race on his 18-h.p. Arrol-Johnston in 6hr. 9min. 14 2/5sec. Northey (Rolls-Boye) was second, 6hr. 11min. 23sec., and Littlejohn (Vivott) third, 6hr. 14min. 35sec.

ETHICS OF MOTORING SPEED.

Wary Magistrate Refuses To Be Invited into a Dictum.

After Mr. Lane, K.C., at West London, yesterday, had fined a chauffeur for driving a motor-car at twenty-five miles an hour along Kensington-road, he dismissed a second summons against the man for dangerous driving.

Mr. Musket, for the Commissioners of Police, said he had been instructed to secure the magistrate's decision as to whether such driving on a main road like the Kensington-road was not in itself dangerous. The Commissioner of Police had been made a member of the Commission appointed to consider the speed of motor-cars, and he was anxious to secure on this subject the opinion of the London magistrate.

Mr. Lane: My opinion is that a proposition put on that basis is an impossible proposition, because it all depends on the driver.

BICYCLE PATROLS.

Effective Counter to Police Traps for Motorists on the Portsmouth Road.

Cyclists will patrol the Portsmouth road between Kingston-on-Thames and Godalming on Sunday next, to warn motorists of police traps.

The cyclists are under the control of the Automobile Association, whose object is to protect motorists in the exercise of their right to the reasonable use of the highways.

Each cyclist will be allotted a "beat" of from four to five miles, and he will ride up and down from end to end warning motorists if they exceed the legal speed.

PERPLEXED WOMEN.

Until Paris Issues Its Edict the Correct Autumn Costume Is Unknown.

September is an awkward month for ladies' wardrobes. No one knows what to wear, and until some brave spirit rises up and decrees a correct costume for the month, strange incongruities will continue to be seen.

Yesterday there were to be seen in Bond-street two ladies, one in muslin with a lace scarf, and the other in thick tweed with fur buttons.

Some people affect a compromise—a serge skirt and thin blouse worn with a wide fit stool; or a thick coat over a thin dress, or a cloth costume with a frilly summer hat.

The *Daily Mirror* was told by a well-known ladies' tailor yesterday that the reason of this mixture of attire is that the authorities in Paris and Vienna have not decreed the winter and autumn fashions.

AMATEUR MARINERS IN TROUBLE.

After being thrown into the water by the capsizing of a boat at Eastbourne, and taken ashore by the Coastguards, three men ran away, but were captured, and yesterday they were remanded on a charge of stealing the boat.

FAMINE OF WORK.

Five Thousand West Ham Men Already Idle.

West Ham just now is a tragic, heartbreaking picture of idleness.

With hard-set faces and the listlessness of lost hope, over 5,000 of the workless are walking about with their hands in their pockets.

Over a thousand of these unemployed yesterday marched in force to the workhouse to demand relief, either in the form of outdoor assistance or by orders to enter the workhouse.

Preliminary meetings were held at the two recreation grounds, and Mr. Mowbray, president of the local unemployed committee, marshalled a large number of men who had declared their willingness to go into the workhouse, and marched them to join the main body who had assembled at West Ham-lane Recreation Ground. Here they formed in processional order, and proceeded to the union, the president and another member of the committee being selected to interview the guardians. Mr. Mowbray asked the board to consider the question in conference with the unemployed committee, in order that some means might be devised of preventing the deplorable distress and the disorderly scenes which prevailed in some other countries.

Emigration Depreciated.

He deprecated emigration on the ground that under this scheme the best and ablest of the workers of this country would be lost to us. If the same material were applied to the land of England the unemployed question would be solved, and the general community vastly benefited.

The guardians were very sympathetic, and promised to consider the whole question without delay. They stated, however, that it would be impossible to relieve the able-bodied except by an order for the workhouse.

The procession again marched back to the Town Hall, where Mr. Mowbray announced the result of the conference, with which the men expressed bitter disappointment.

The men were strongly advised to apply to the relieving officers for orders to enter the workhouse, and as there is only accommodation in the union for about 100, the authorities will be compelled to give outdoor assistance to the remainder.

Mourning Tour.

The *Daily Mirror* made a tour of the districts near West Ham where the distress is most acute.

Every street corner had its little knot of men, apparently of the respectable and industrious class. Their faces wore a look of weariness and despair, and through many a street there were abundant indications that there was no work, no money, no prospects.

Many had tramped to the docks, had waited for hours, and had come back to spend the rest of the day in enforced idleness and terrible anxiety.

At the Albert Docks alone more than 3,500 were waiting outside the gates yesterday morning seeking a few hours' work to buy bread for their starving wives and families. But out of this number only 615 were called in, and the others were turned away—a pitifully pathetic crowd.

The same scene was witnessed at the Victoria Docks. Out of the 1,200 men who applied only 150 were taken on.

A house agent in West Ham told the *Daily Mirror* that he had over £1,000 arrears of rent on his books. Never before had such a state of things existed.

When a tenant gets behind in his payment the landlord usually allows him to remain as caretaker of the premises. By this means he avoids paying rates and taxes while the tenant is unable to pay the rent.

CAPTAIN FALKNER.

Labour Champion Resigned His Commission to Forestall Unfair Treatment.

Captain Falkner, the now famous "Nameless Horseman" of the Leicester march, received the *Daily Mirror* yesterday at his private office in Westminster. His resignation, he said, has not yet been accepted by the War Office.

"I have written to them five times, but have received no answer."

Captain Falkner would not have resigned on the inclosure of the War Office, which followed the incident of the Leicester march. He was induced to take this course primarily in order that he might be free to follow a political career, and also because he foresaw that personal hostility in certain quarters might be brought to bear upon him with a view to bringing about his resignation.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

An Exchange Aldershot telegram says it is stated on good authority that the Duke of Connaught, Inspector-General of the Forces, will very shortly pay a visit to South Africa.

LORD BRAMPTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Famous Judge Talks of His Eighty-Eight Years of Life.

"STILL A YOUNG MAN."

"Yes, I'm eighty-eight to-day, and I'm just going out for a birthday drive."

Baron Brampton, as smiling and as genial as ever, was the speaker. He had just left the shoal of congratulatory telegrams which he had received yesterday to see one who had called to tender the congratulations of the readers of the *Daily Mirror*.

"I'm quite an old man now, you see."

And the famous Judge smiled more than ever.

He has aged rapidly since 1898, when the regrets of everybody who knew him, and of many thousands who did not, accompanied him into private life. But, in spite of his years and the secluded life which he now lives, he is the same Sir Henry Hawkins, the "sporting Judge."

"No, I was not at Doncaster yesterday," he said. "I've abandoned all that long ago. But, of course, I'm as fond of racing as ever, and I follow the meetings closely in the papers."

"I was very surprised at the result. Who'd have thought that Challacombe would win? But you never know, do you?"

Lady Barristers.

Involuntarily, perhaps, his eyes wondered up to the painting of himself in his Judge's robes, and then to the pictures of dogs and horses away on the left.

"You would like me to tell you a story, would you? Oh, I've been telling stories all my life, you know, and now that there are so many of them in my book I seem to have forgotten all others."

"They I can't talk for long, for it hurts my voice. You see, age tells. Not that I grumble, for I'm eighty-eight, and it's a long time to live."

Lord Brampton's hair was always short—so short, indeed, that it is said of him that two roughs who intended to rob him at Epsom looked at his face, and then, when he raised his hat and said, menacingly, "Don't you know who I am? run away as fast as they could shouting, 'He's a blooming pifteezher!'"

But there is less of hair on the Judge's head now than there ever was, for, while it is still as short as of old, the hairs are fewer.

Time has brought to him other signs of advancing years, but, considering his great age, he is a comparatively young man yet.

There is still the flash in his eye—the flash that meant ill for the wrong-doer, and good-fellowship with those fortunate enough to be numbered among his friends.

Asked about his opinion of lady barristers, he smilingly shook his head. "Lady barristers," he said; "no, I have nothing to say about them."

"Thanks to All for Congratulations."

The world remembers his severity towards hardened criminals earned for him the title of the "Hanging Judge," but it also recalls how tender he was towards offenders not criminally inclined, and how the cry of a tortured animal or child went straight to his heart. Never was a Judge more respected.

He is passing the autumn of his days in a large house overlooking Hyde Park. Now that his "Memoirs" are finished he has little to occupy his time. He drives, however, almost every day.

"I would like to talk for a long while if I could," he said yesterday. "But I must think of my voice, and, besides, my carriage is waiting. You will thank everyone for their kind messages of congratulation, won't you?"

BY VANGUARD TO BRIGHTON

No More Vehicles To Be Put on the Route for the Present.

"It is not true that four more Vanguard omnibuses are to be immediately run between London and Brighton," said the traffic manager of the London Motor Omnibus Company to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"With winter approaching a four hour drive in the open air will not be sought much after."

"At the same time the company has several schemes in view with regard to extending the service, a motor-omnibus, for instance, to Hastings being in contemplation, and one along the Ports-mouth Road."

FORLORN AND PENNILESS ACTOR.

Once employed, so he said, at the Savoy and the Adelphi, a young actor, named Dudley, told a pitiable story of privation to the Gravesend magistrates yesterday, when charged with begging.

After trying to "produce" something himself in London, with the result of losing his capital, he sank into utter destitution, and tramped to Gravesend without a penny. Discharged.

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

Young Lady's Fatal Climb for Safety Watched by Agonised Friend.

Aberystwyth has been the scene of a pathetic fatality to a young lady visitor, who, caught by the rising tide, made frantic efforts to climb the dangerous cliffs and fell to the rocks below.

Miss Nellie Clewlow and Miss Daly, both of Stafford, set out after luncheon for a stroll under the magnificent cliffs between Aberystwyth and Clarach, a spot greatly favoured by visitors. They expressed their intention of returning for tea.

Half-way to Clarach they noticed the rising tide. To advance or recede meant that they would be overtaken and probably drowned.

They looked up the cliffs, which are very steep and difficult, but determined to attempt a desperate climb for life. They could make little progress, and Miss Daly returned to the beach.

As she stood there a moment she was horrified to see her friend slip over a jagged escarpment and disappear from view.

Miss Daly found a spot on which to stand, and waited for hours with the waves lashing round her. When the tide ebbed she made all haste back, and, exhausted by her terrible experiences and overwhelmed with grief, told her distressing story to her friends and the police.

Search parties immediately set out, but although they spent the whole of the night examining every nook and cranny no trace of Miss Clewlow has been found.

INTOLERABLE CHIMES.

Putney Resident Complains that Fulham Church Bells Are Rung for Nearly Four Hours.

"I live on the Putney side, but the Fulham bells reach me. On Saturday they rang for three hours and fifty-five minutes," said a complainant at West London Court yesterday.

"About two months ago," he continued, "they rang for two hours and forty minutes."

"There are ten bells. I am very fond of church bells in moderation, but one can't work or read when they are rung that length of time."

"It is a serious nuisance," said the magistrate, "but your only remedy is to take civil proceedings in the form of an injunction."

Thanking his Worship, the applicant withdrew.

"REVENGE BY VENDETTA."

Nephew's Threat to an Uncle Who Would Not Lend Him £200.

Because his uncle would not accept his note of hand for a loan of £200, Leonard Griffin wrote a series of abusive and libellous letters, declaring that he would have his "revenge by vendetta."

In response to a solicitor's letter, he promised to discontinue these, but recommended the following month.

At the Old Bailey yesterday it was stated that another uncle, Sir William Roger Brown, had left about three-quarters of a million, but Griffin had received nothing, although his mother and some of his brothers benefited.

Giving his word of honour not to repeat the offence, Griffin was released on his own recognisances in £500.

WELL-BORN CRIMINAL.

Gentleman by Birth and Education Drifts Into Paths of Fraud.

Son of an Irish landed proprietor, once an undergraduate of Cambridge and an M.D. of Heidelberg, Henry Francis Hamilton, smart-looking despite his sixty years, had a bad record brought against him yesterday at the Old Bailey.

His present offence was the theft of fifteen engravings, value £130, from Mendoza, Limited, New Bond-street.

Several previous convictions against him embraced two terms of penal servitude, and he was "wanted" by the police all over the country. The authorities said he was concealing his identity for the sake of his highly-placed relations.

In sentencing the man to three years' penal servitude the Recorder remarked that he was born and educated as a gentleman, with every opportunity of pursuing an honest avocation. He was not like many, who, brought up in the gutter, never had a chance in life, and for whom he (the Recorder) felt great pity.

PATHETIC APPEAL FOR MERCY.

Charged yesterday, at Clerkenwell, with embezzling £27, James Maidment, a clerk, said: "I throw myself on the mercy of the court. My wife is dying, the furniture people are pressing me, and I am behind with the rent."

A remand was ordered.

"MIRROR" GALA DAYS

Thirty-Nine Hours' Amusement at the Crystal Palace for Nothing.

CRACK FOOTBALL TEAMS.

Every hour between 10 a.m. and 11 p.m. on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, September 21, 22, and 23, will be literally crowded with attractions for those of our readers who, having cut a coupon from their *Daily Mirror* on those dates, will obtain free admission to the Crystal Palace.

There is no difficulty in obtaining amusements for those thirty-nine hours, because we have received letters from all over England from artists and entertainers offering to come and perform for the amusement of our readers.

The difficulty which confronts Mr. Cozens, the manager of the Crystal Palace, who is in charge of the arrangements for the *Daily Mirror* gala days, is to select the very best out of all these various entertainments. And it is only the best that our readers will get in exchange for their coupons.

The work of preparation goes on apace, but at present it is absolutely impossible to give full details of the gigantic programme, as it is not yet completed. A full programme will be published next week. For the present we can only mention a few of the attractions, but as will be seen, these alone would make a free visit to the Palace well worth the journey.

SIX BANDS PAYING.

In the first place there will be six bands present, playing throughout those three days of *Mirror* carnival. The famous bands of the Scots Guards and Coldstream Guards will be amongst the number and, as everyone knows, these are two of the finest military bands in the world.

Lovers of sport are being catered for, for on Thursday afternoon the Crystal Palace team will play against Fulham, who made such a plucky effort to bring the "Cup" down South last year. On Saturday Leyton will meet the Crystal Palace team in a Southern League encounter.

The Somali Village will well repay a visit, and the fireworks each evening will be worth travelling any distance to see, for a sheet of flame half a mile high and half a mile long is to be shown by Messrs. Brock.

The railways, too, are completing their arrangements by which special facilities will be afforded to our visitors.

In a few days we shall publish details of some more startling entertainments which you will be able to enjoy on September 21, 22, and 23, provided you have energy enough to cut a coupon from your *Daily Mirror* in the morning.

"VANITY FAIR'S" BIRTHPLACE

House Where Thackeray Wrote His Most Famous Novel Marked by a Tablet.

The house in which Thackeray wrote "Vanity Fair," "Esmond," and "Pendennis," was yesterday marked by a tablet placed on it by the London County Council.

No. 16, Young-street, Kensington, was occupied by the great novelist from 1846 to 1853, and it has not undergone any serious structural alterations since he lived there. When house-hunting he caught sight of its two bulging half-towers, which flank the central doorway, and thought the house had the air of a feudal castle.

He exclaimed, "I'll have a flagstaff put over the coping of the wall, and I'll hoist a standard up when I'm at home."

The chocolate-coloured tablet bears the inscription:

W. M. THACKERAY,
1811-1863,
Novelist,
Lived here.

Though Thackeray occupied other houses in London, the Council thought this one had the strongest claims to commemoration.

BET-COLLECTOR'S NOVEL DEFENCE.

Maintaining that he could not be compelled to surrender money he had collected in bets for a bookmaker, a young man was discharged at the Old Bailey yesterday, although the Common Sergeant pointed out that that was no defence, as a man could be convicted for stealing from a thief.

SEAMEN-DESERTERS' WAGES.

If the recommendations of the committee which has just made its report upon the question of seamen's wages be adopted the Treasury will profit. It is suggested that wages left owing to seamen who desert shall be paid to the Government after expenses incurred have been deducted.

After seven years' active service in the Mediterranean and Channel Fleets, the battleship *Illustrious* paid off at Chatham yesterday.

SHOT IN THE CITY.

Suggestion That Retz Attacked Mrs. Franks Through Jealousy.

What is now well known as the Ludgate-circus shooting outrage came before Alderman Sir Horatio Davies, M.P., at the Mansion House yesterday.

William Retz, a Hungarian, was again charged with attempting to murder Mrs. Kate Marian Franks by shooting her.

Mrs. Franks was yesterday too ill to appear, but some interesting and fresh statements were made.

Mr. Vickery, for the prosecution, remarked that the only motive for Retz's conduct that could be expressed was jealousy.

Detective-sergeant Crouch stated that since the last hearing he had found at Retz's lodgings a



WILLIAM RETZ.

number of letters and postcards forming a correspondence which had passed between Mrs. Franks and the accused.

Mr. Vickery: I do not propose that these letters should be read except by yourself, Sir Horatio.

Retz, on the day in question, said a junior clerk employed by Mr. Kennedy, arrived at the office at 11 a.m. He was alone with Mrs. Franks an hour and a half, and he heard them talking and laughing together.

He left them at midday to go to lunch, and when he returned at two o'clock he found traces of blood and a partition pierced by a bullet.

In remanding Retz, Sir Horatio Davies declined to accept the responsibility of granting bail.

HONEY FOR SUGAR.

Jams, Vinegar, and Cakes Made with the Bees' Product Highly Recommended.

Honey as a substitute for sugar in the making of cakes, jams, and vinegar is a feature of the Surrey Beekeepers' Association's Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, opened yesterday, the advantage of honey being that it is a better preservative than sugar.

Beeskeeping appliances being costly, the association are offering prizes for the most suitable outfit that can be sold for 30s.

There is a good show of outfits sent in for this competition, and, as a result, beekeeping, it is hoped, will become even more profitable and popular than at present.

There are several observatory hives at the exhibition, in each of which about 15,000 bees may be seen at work.

Fired at a Comrade.

Sequel to the Sensational Incident at Millbank Barracks.

When the charge of shooting at Corporal Crosby, of the Army Service Corps, at Millbank Barracks, with intent to murder him, was reduced to one of assault, Sergeant Cooper, of the same corps, was libelled at the Old Bailey yesterday.

It was stated that Cooper had been worrying over that fact that he was to be tried by court-martial for some delinquency, and as a consequence he commenced to drink heavily.

One night Crosby, who was on picket, and was at Cooper's quarters, found the sergeant with a gun. As Crosby approached Cooper fired and missed.

Cooper's wife fainted, and under the impression that he had killed her Cooper gave himself up to the police.

OUT TO-DAY

The popular budget of bright Articles, Stories, and Pictures

The SEPTEMBER

"LONDON"

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BUY IT NOW.

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DRASTIC LAW AGAINST "TIPS."

New York's Determined Attempt
To Minimise the Evil.

WAITERS STILL LEVY TOLL

What is generally described as the anti-tipping law has now come into force in New York.

Tipping, says a New York magnate gleefully, yesterday thought a necessity in the transaction of business in New York, to-day becomes a crime, for which both the giver and the recipient can be punished.

To an Englishman this would sound as though the extortions of waiter and hotel and other servants had become illegal. But this is not so. Their customary blackmail will continue to be levied as usual. "Tipping," as generally understood in this country, is unaffected by the new Bill. It is rather aimed at secret commissions.

YOU MAY "TIP," BUT NOT BRIBE.

A New York paper thus summarises the effect of the new law:—

You can tip anyone for good service.

You cannot tip anyone as a bribe.

You can tip a waiter for bringing your dinner hot and without delay.

You cannot tip him to serve you a 5s. dinner for 2s. 6d.

You can tip a coachman for driving you fast.

You cannot tip him for paying you £250 of his employer's money for a horse worth £100.

You can tip a hotel porter like the butler in the home of your friend for being attentive to you.

You cannot tip the butler for buying goods from you for his master's table.

You can tip a hotel maid for fresh sheets and pillow-cases.

You cannot tip her for giving you soap to carry away in your bag.

You can tip a hotel purchasing agent a Christmas gift or any other gift if you choose.

You cannot tip him for ignoring other bidders and buying goods from you at the expense of the stock-holders.

In other words, a tip must be truly a tip, a gratuity, and not a bribe or a commission.

But the waiter escapes. He can collect his tribute as of old, for under the construction of the law the man who fees the waiter does not do so to influence trade. There is nothing in the law to prevent a man tipping to keep himself from starving to death while waiting for a steak, or to prevent hot soup being poured down his back.

MANY SECRET COMMISSIONS.

It has been estimated that in New York \$10,000,000 is given in tips annually. Probably half this sum is given in tips to the waiters in the cafés. The other half is used in bribery pure and simple, meaning bribery to influence trade, not to induce a man to do the work he is supposed to get a salary for doing.

"Do not think I am aiming at the servant-girl who accepts a present of a bottle of perfume or a cake of soap from a grocer," says Senator Saxe. "My Bill aims at higher game, such as railway officials who assist in the robbery of their employers and the stockholders. The imprisonment of a few officials of this character will teach others a valuable lesson."

But Senator Saxe's Bill will also cut down the income of the butlers, ostlers, valets, hotel and club stewards and others entrusted with the powers of purchasing agents.

THE MODERN GIRL.

Has She Any Right To Join in the Race for Success?

The interest taken in this subject seems to increase every day. We must remind our readers that no letters can be forwarded to those who contribute to the discussion.

MERELY FOR POCKET-MONEY.

Concerning the "modern girl" I certainly think the statements are too sweeping. Some girls may be in business merely to obtain pocket money, but I believe the majority actually work to earn their bread and butter.

Then, again, some girls are fond of dress. That no one can deny. But why should girls without any distinction be condemned in this way?

ONE OF THE GIRLS.

WHY MEN DO NOT MARRY.

I endorse the remarks made by "A Few Business Men" appearing in your paper to-day under the column, "The Modern Girl," and think that women should certainly not interfere in commercial life.

Why is it that men are unable to marry nowadays? Simply because so many women are employed at a greatly-reduced salary, which men cannot keep themselves on. A girl is enabled to take very little, for the simple reason that her father keeps her, and all she earns she spends at once in clothes. After all, a man cannot be dispensed with if it comes to a real matter of business, and an ordinary woman does not possess sufficient brains, capacity, and is quite out of place in serious affairs.

St. Margaret's-on-Thames. W. W.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Instead of the usual number of sixty or seventy 220 Army cadets have been this session admitted to the Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

Women who were employed at a Stockport mill to replace workmen on strike had to be protected by the police yesterday from a violent mob.

Torpedo-boats Nos. 68 and 74 were towed into Sheerness yesterday with propellers disabled. The defects developed while the vessels were exercising.

In the exercise of their discretion, the executors of the will of the late Horace Harral, Esq., have sent £300 to the Newsreaders' Benevolent and Provident Institution.

"Employers will not engage a married man if they can get a single one to do the work," declared a Montgomeryshire farmer at a meeting of the Foden guardians yesterday.

Mr. T. Hosgood, J.P., Mayor of Hackney, and also a local registrar, obtained at the North London Police Court, yesterday, a summons against a parent for giving false information when registering a birth.

German and English screwmakers are engaged in a struggle the effect of which is that Nettlefold's screws in the English market are priced about 50 per cent. higher than German, while Nettlefold's have retaliated by giving 80 per cent. discount in German markets.

Burial fees being legally due to Anglican clergy-men in case of interments in Church of England burial grounds, even though the service is performed by a Nonconformist minister, Oldham Corporation has requested the local clergy and ministers to come to some satisfactory arrangement on the matter.

Although in receipt of parish relief from the Wrexham Union, it has transpired that a Wrexham man has been extensively buying and selling furniture and pianos.

Sir Robert Finlay, the Attorney-General, was so far recovered yesterday that he went for a short drive in the middle of the day.

"To eat in the office," was the inscription on a ticket displayed over a costermonger's barrow-load of bananas in a City street yesterday.

For hustling a police-sergeant off the footpath at Thurlies, Tipperary, on the fair day, an old man named Fanning has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

Found in Kirton Churchyard, Lincolnshire, seated on a grave and drinking from stolen bottles of beer, Sarah Williams was yesterday sentenced to twenty-one days' hard labour.

A public-house, called the Abode of Love, in Fitzroy-street, Soho, was the scene of a quarrel which led to police-court proceedings yesterday, when Alice Villiers was fined 20s. for assaulting Kathleen Hickey.

Waunarlwydd School, Glamorganshire, having been altered for reasons of economy, so that the boys and girls are taught in mixed classes, many of the parents have refused to send their children to the school until the classes are again held in separate rooms.

A Welsh Free Church Council is circulating the following memorial:—"We invite your urgent attention to the unrest and disorder which prevail in the Caergwyllo neighbourhood caused by hundreds of trippers who desecrate the Sabbath and disturb those who respect its sanctity."



Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, September 21, 22, and 23, "Daily Mirror" readers will be admitted free to the Crystal Palace.

At Lowestoft a bottle-nosed shark, 5ft. in length, was landed by a fishing smack yesterday.

Mr. John Duncan, a well-known Forfarshire philanthropist, has just died at Arbroath at the age of 102.

Owing to distress in Chatham, caused by dock-yard discharges, the town council have applied for an order to put the Unemployed Workmen's Act into operation.

Warning that a wheat-stack was ablaze at Horsted Keynes, Sussex, early yesterday morning, was given by a dog, whose barking aroused the inmates of the farmhouse.

Leitchworth Garden City is likely to be copied in Bradford, where the buildings committee are considering an application for an estate on which it is proposed to erect a model town.

Some Irish humorists, who posted up fictitious notices of a meeting of the United Irish League at Broadford, Co. Clare, were mightily amused when a strong force of constabulary assembled yesterday.

Strict investigation is being made into the cause of four outbreaks of fire that took place simultaneously in a private house in Lewisham High-road yesterday. Early this week there was a small fire at the same house.

Henry Bruce, trading as Henry Bruce and Co., of Carlisle, under whose name he is alleged to have advertised extensively for travellers and clerks, and then cheated them of petty sums, will be charged at Carlisle Police Court to-day.

Stating that thousands of salmon and other fish are poisoned every week by copperas and other poisons discharged into the River Loughor, South Wales, two men accused of taking salmon yesterday sought to defend themselves by the plea that they only took dead fish.

The London Scottish Rifles will leave King's Cross at 7.55 on Sunday evening for Edinburgh, to take part in the King's review of Scottish Volunteers.

There is severe depression in the Lancashire and Yorkshire glass-bottle trade, and the outlook for the winter is very gloomy, wrote a correspondent yesterday.

Noticing a man wearing a new overcoat that was too small for him, a Manchester police-sergeant yesterday arrested him in connection with a robbery of clothing.

While a boy was carrying a gun in Hull yesterday the weapon went off, and small shot penetrated the leg of one man, while another was injured about the head.

For the fund to benefit the two Witham signalmen whose presence of mind averted an even greater railway disaster than occurred, subscriptions yesterday amounted to £50.

Another meeting of the group of financiers concerned in the proposed Anthracite Trust will, it is stated, take place at Swansea next Monday, when definite action will be decided upon.

The Church Army has received a substantial thank-offering from a lady who had intended travelling to Cromer by the train that was wrecked at Witham, but changed her mind at the last moment.

To provide reading matter for cosmopolitan East Enders, the Whitechapel Public Library authorities announce that they are making special provision of literature in Hebrew, Yiddish, French, Polish, Russian, German, Spanish, and Italian.

Another Bill for the taking over and preserving of all the garden squares in London will be promoted next session by the London County Council, who are notifying the various borough councils accordingly. Last session the Bill was thrown out.

NELSON CENTENARY.

Arranging Celebrations Throughout Britain and the Colonies.

DISTRIBUTION OF MEDALS.

On October 21, 1805, Nelson annihilated the combined French and Spanish fleets off Trafalgar. On Saturday, October 21, 1905, one hundred years afterwards, Britain will combine throughout her Empire, on land and sea, to do honour to her greatest sailor son and his greatest victory. The organising is being done by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society.

In the chief British possessions concerts, gatherings, meetings, torchlight processions, etc., have been arranged.

In Great Britain practically every town of importance will join in these worldwide rejoicings. Even distressed Ireland has announced its intention of competing with the sister kingdom in friendly display.

A special feature will be made of presentations to young people, both here and in the Colonies, of souvenirs in the shape of medals made of copper from Nelson's famous flagship.

Victory shields, plaques, and Nelson busts will be given to schools, institutions, towns, etc., according to the amount subscribed to the Nelson Centenary Memorial Fund.

There are also medals, brooches, in the shape of the Victory, and tiny Victory charms—all made of the Victory's copper.

All you have to do to obtain one of these charms is to send one shilling and a stamped addressed envelope to the Secretary, British and Foreign Sailors' Society, 860, Commercial-road, London, E.

The larger medals and ship brooches will be given to donors or collectors of five shillings and upwards.

THE KING'S APPROVAL.

His Majesty the King is intensely pleased with the general scheme.

In London, on Saturday, October 21, proceedings will begin with a series of gigantic marches by schoolchildren and young people from all parts of London to the Nelson Column in Trafalgar-square. There they will halt, salute, and pass on to the Royal Albert Hall.

The Albert Hall programme begins at 2.30. First comes the public presentation of medals, etc.; then a gigantic nautical display, and a special up-to-date cinematograph exhibition by Mr. A. J. West, F.R.G.S., entitled "Our Navy—One Hundred Years Ago and To-day."

In the evening there will be a grand Nelson concert, at which it is hoped Mr. Edward Lloyd, the famous tenor, will come from his retirement and sing once again "The Death of Nelson."

The Nelson Memorial Fund will be devoted to the benefit of all those who go down to the sea in ships, and for this and the carrying out of the proposals at least £50,000 will be required.

NEW YORK WANTS GOLD.

Monetary Stringency in America Feared in Connection with the Harvest.

CAPEL COURT, Thursday Evening.—The stock markets started badly, prices being depressed through early fears about an increase in the Bank rate to-day. These proved groundless, and there was a substantial rally before the finish in nearly every section, though in many cases it is thought that a rise in the bank rate may only be a matter of a week or so, owing to the coming gold requirements for New York and elsewhere. Consols closed at 89 15-16, after being nearly down to 89.

It was much the same story in Home Railways, and for that matter in nearly every section. For instance, the foreign bourses were evidently concerned about the Bank rate position in the morning, and recovered when the official announcement was made. Japanese bonds seemed to be getting over the recent Tokio disturbances, but a good many people are questioning the financial future, now that Japan has no indemnity.

Again, in America the opening was weak, owing to the Bank rate fears. A rise in the Bank rate here would make it more difficult for New York to get gold, and gold New York wants badly, owing to the coming monetary stringency, partly in connection with the harvest. Here again satisfaction with the maintenance of the rate caused a rally.

People continue to buy brewery descriptions, and, after earlier nervousness, the Pekin Syndicate group of Chinese land shares resumed their upward movement, the gamblers being well fed with satisfactory rumours to keep them going. The insiders are not doing it for charity.

Mines were rather more mixed. Kaffirs and Rhodesians started badly, rallied rather sharply, and then went wrong later. The finish here was not happy. Wise holders have taken advantage of recent high prices to unload. How long the gambling movement will be kept up depends on how long the financiers at the back of the movement are willing to bolster markets at their own expense. Other mining sections scarcely called for notice.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:
13, WHITFRIARS-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1905.

ARE WOMEN ATTRACTED BY MEN'S GOOD LOOKS?

THEY have been holding a male beauty competition at Southend, with women as the judges. Of course, this sort of show is merely calculated to tickle the taste of the groundlings; but it suggests a query of much interest. Do good looks in a man give him any advantage in a woman's eyes?

Reverse the question and the answer admits of no dispute. "Do good looks in a woman attract the favourable notice of men and make them fall in love with her?" Of course they do. A great many women are married entirely for their looks. Other things being moderately equal, the pretty girl has twice as much chance of finding a husband as the plain girl. That it is (from this point of view) an advantage to a woman to be beautiful is one of the bed-rock facts of human existence.

If a man marries a decidedly plain woman, students of human nature ask at once, "How much has she got?" Yet no one thinks of wondering why women marry ugly men. Indeed, it has become a commonplace of observation that women seem to prefer men who are generally called ugly to those who are termed handsome. As for calling a man "beautiful," why, a woman would regard it as a term of contempt.

Men have, indeed, very little chance nowadays of attracting attention by their picturesqueness. Nature endows them with far better figures than women's, but they hide away their bodies and limbs in such hideous garments that they might be made of steel tubing. They cut their hair close to their heads. They cannot hope for good complexions, seeing that their cheeks grow a crop of stiff bristles every twenty-four hours.

Women do not, as a rule, expect men to be good-looking. They only expect them to be tidy and clean. Lately, if we may judge by novels, there has grown up a demand for the strenuous type of hero, plenty of chin and a masterful look in his deep-set eyes. But you do not find that the heroes of famous novels written by women have been particularly good-looking.

Charlotte Bronte's Rochester was decidedly ugly. Jane Austen's young men are quite ordinary in form and feature. George Eliot created some handsome men, but gave most of them bad characters: "Ouida" went in for the "beautiful" hero, but only succeeded in making him ridiculous. In the women's novels written by women have been particularly good-looking.

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Yet it is hard to recall even one novel written by a man in which the heroine has not possessed some kind of beauty. No heroine is complete without it. The same rule holds good in real life. It is only schoolgirls who go into ecstasies over men because they are so good-looking. Yet a man's chief praise of his sweetheart is often that she is "lovely as the heart's desire." He will dwell upon her beauty to the exclusion of all other praise.

The truth is women are too practical to care much about good looks in men. Marriage to them is not a poetic dream. It is largely a matter of business. What they want to know is: Can he make a good income? Is he good-tempered, pleasant to live with? Will he take me about and do his best to give me a good time?

Men are the imaginative sex. They see in a woman's beauty the emblem of every desirable quality in heart and mind. Women are more sensible. They do not trouble about appearances. They look deeper down. It is not the woman who is disillusioned by marriage. It is the man.

E. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The most gladsome thing in the world is that few of us fall very low; the saddest that, with such capabilities, we seldom rise high.—J. M. Barrie.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

A SERIOUS illness has lately brought Colonel Frank Rhodes, brother of the late Cecil Rhodes, once again before the public. Colonel Rhodes is very like his famous brother in appearance. He has had a most adventurous life in South Africa, and was one of those who were sentenced to death by Judge Gregorowski before the war. The death penalty, however, was commuted for a fine of £25,000, and he was sides banished from the Transvaal.

* * *

Colonel Rhodes has also been through the Matbele war, and through Lord Kitchener's campaign in the Sudan. He, like Mr. Winston Churchill, is one of those courageous and energetic people who have been able to fight well and also write long letters to the newspapers when the fighting was over. He represented the "Times" in the Sudan, and it is said that when a fellow-correspondent fell ill he most generously wrote his dispatches for him, and it may be imagined that the occupation of two journalists and one soldier left him little time for "getting in the way," which, ac-

to sing bass, and ended at last by becoming a tenor also. It was the same with Mr. Coates. He sang baritones until he was asked by Sir Arthur Sullivan to render his music to "The Absent-Minded Beggar" at the Alhambra at the time of the Boer war.

* * *

That song revealed to him that certain notes in his voice were changing; he consulted an expert, and was informed that he had developed into a tenor. The singing of "The Absent-Minded Beggar" was one of his "red-letter" performances, and most people will remember the wild enthusiasm it provoked amongst English audiences, stupidly supposed to be stolid. Mr. Coates was overwhelmed with compliments upon his voice, but when he is flattered his modesty prompts him to recall an earlier and undisputedly stolid criticism which he once received from a villager before whom he had performed.

* * *

Mr. Coates had been on tour with a small company through the small towns of England. At one very primitive place his concert was ecstatically welcomed by a crowded house, or perhaps I

noticed yesterday, giving the views of "Truth" upon the thrashing of wives, is typical of his vein of satanic humour. With sarcasm, with a kind of contemptuous approval more dangerous than blame, he has frequently managed to prove himself an opponent more to be dreaded, than many who attack according to the obvious ways. Thus, at a meeting in Ireland, years ago, where a candidate had complained, for electioneering purposes, that his poor old grandmother had been cruelly evicted from her home, Mr. Labouchere was heard to remark: "You rot that old grandmother of yours well round the country and you'll win in a canter."

* * *

We do not know how much time Mr. Labouchere gives nowadays to the propagation of "Truth," but certainly he is very often abroad, enjoying the best of society in Florence and Rome. His daughter, Miss Dora Labouchere, married an Italian nobleman, and is now one of the leaders of society in Rome. She was sent to Florence to learn Italian, and there, I think, first met her husband. She is a very clever young lady, who has inherited her father's really remarkable gift for languages.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE PRICE OF FUR.

I cannot agree with such nonsense as "Lover of Truth" writes. He says: "People in the slums do not deserve one atom of sympathy or help." He classes everybody who lives in the slums as thoroughly lazy.

Now take the ordinary working man in any town. You will find that his wages will only average about 17s. per week. Some have large families to bring up. I ask where these men can live on 17s. per week?

In my opinion, people who are hard, honest workers are forced to live in slums owing to the bad system in which we live under. You would not find one man in thirty who would not work if he had work to do. A SYMPATHISER.

Hoof-street, Northampton.

Some of your correspondents wish sermons to be preached on the wickedness of the rich in buying furs and spending their money lavishly. I am sorry to say such sermons have been preached, and notably with all reverence the words of the Gospel of a few Sundays ago, as to "a certain man who made a great supper." I refer to the strictures passed upon the American who gave an entertainment recently at the Savoy Hotel.

It would appear more logical if those who desire to alleviate the sad fate of suffering humanity were rather to argue that law or custom should compel people in the position of the Duke of Westminster or the Marquis of Bute to permit still more of their wealth to filter down to the unemployed by giving such suppers weekly; while they might be a daily affair if there are any people really as rich as some of the American multi-millionaires are said to be.

M. V. GLEESON.

WHY COUNTRY PEOPLE GO MAD.

I am amused by the opinions expressed in the article "Why Country People Go Mad."

It is impossible to do farm work mechanically. To those who understand, no seed time or harvest is ever exactly like its predecessor, and it invariably requires judgment and careful thought on the part of both master and labourer to cope with the different conditions in each year.

It is wrong to say that in the evening farm labourers either sleep or sleep. When do they find time, if not at night, to tend the charming flower-gardens and productive bits of vegetable-ground that may be seen at almost any cottage?

Finally, we do not want our plough-lads to caper in comic opera or assume the rôle of Hamlet at "weekly performances." We want them to go to bed and be ready for their work next day.

M. DUNNING. (A Sane Rustic).

Walkington, Beverley.

EAT BROWN BREAD.

I read the remarks in your invaluable paper re brown bread with great interest, since I have been struggling with home bread-making for some months.

Can any of your readers give a good recipe for wheatmeal or wholemeal bread? It is comparatively easy to make palatable bread with finest white flour (most millers insist on "firsts" being the best for bread) and German yeast, but what is the secret of making coarse flour rise?

If it cannot be done at home, what patent brown bread can be recommended for children?

N. MOLESWORTH.

5, Ethelbert-square, Westgate-on-Sea.

IN MY GARDEN.

SEPTEMBER 14.—The harvest moon is here; its white radiance floods a garden still bright with countless flowers. But what will the October moon smile on?

Let us fill our homes with flowers while we may. Great sprays of delicate golden rod, nodding over shining sunflowers and rudbeckia, will light up a whole room. Then how lovely a vase of white Japanese anemones is, arranged with the last blooms of blue delphiniums!

E. F. T.

SWEDEN (TO NORWAY): "IF YOU CUT ME—"



The trouble raised by Norway's determination to be a separate State from Sweden is not over yet. Sweden fears she may suffer damage by the process of separation, and has adopted rather a threatening attitude.

cording to Lord Kitchener's view, is what most newspaper correspondents spend their time in doing during a war.

* * *

The Bishop of Llandaff, who has just had to preach before a large audience without his episcopal robes, "which had somehow got mislaid," is a most impressive-looking soldier of the Church. He is well over 6ft. 2in. tall, and looks like a most formidable athlete. He was for long a chaplain to one of the Welsh regiments, and everybody who saw him in camp admitted that he would have made an excellent soldier. Muscular Christianity—Bishop Hughes really represents that perhaps paradoxical attitude. He is also an ardent teetotaler, and an equally ardent Welshman, who believes that Welsh ought to be taught in the elementary schools of his diocese:

* * *

The well-known tenor, Mr. John Coates, who has just gained so great a success at the Worcester Festival, is one of the singers whose voices have gone through strange evolutions in the course of time. Few people remember now that M. Jean de Reszke, the most famous tenor, now living, began to sing first as a baritone; and that Mr. Sims, Reeves, beginning as a baritone, went through a period when he thought he should have

should say a crowded barn. The next day Mr. Coates went to the hall and found an old man sweeping the floor. "Well, my good fellow," he said, "expecting a considerable envoi," how do you think the people enjoyed our performance last night, eh?" "Well, sir," said the man, after a long pause for thought, "I ain't heerd no complaints—as yet!"

* * *

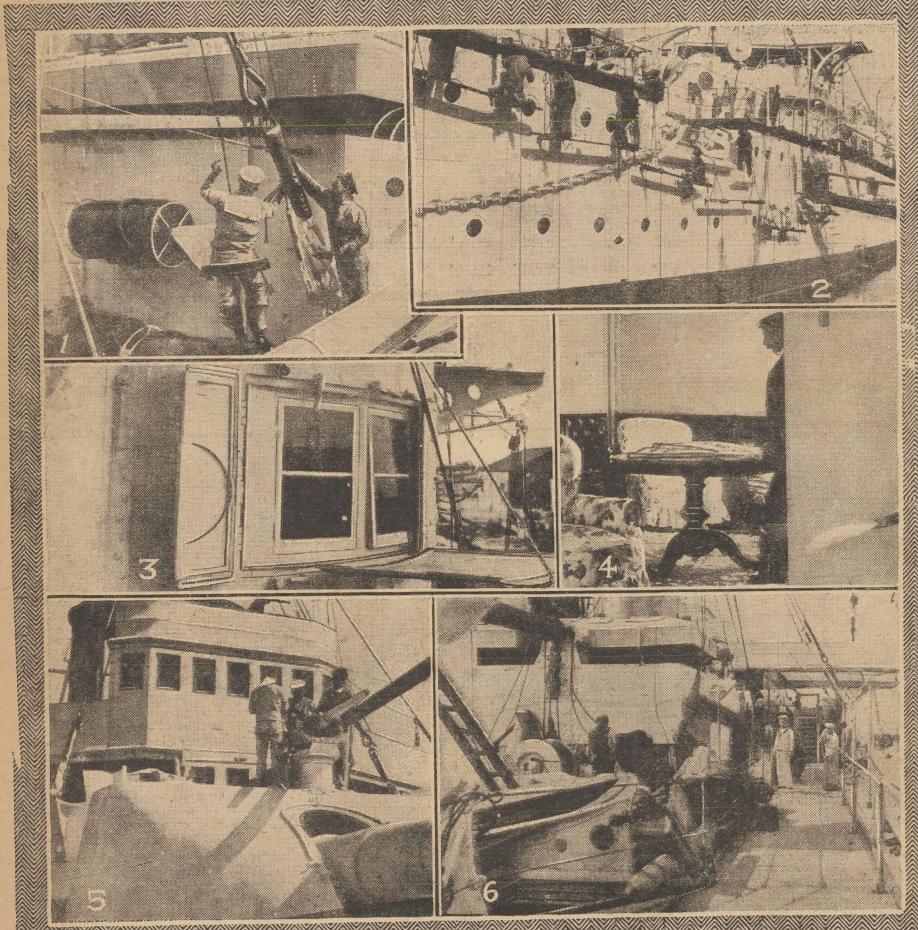
Yesterday the newspapers announced briefly, bluntly, that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt had arrived with her company at Buenos Aires, where she is to give a series of performances before the enthusiastic audiences of South America. But little was said about the condition in which the great actress arrived there, or the danger she had been through on the voyage. Almost a month ago (about August 15) the ship that carried her was caught in a violent storm. From news received in France it appears that the boat was nearly wrecked, the sailors spent the night in prayer, and the relief signals called vainly for help. Even Mme. Bernhardt's energy was quelled by this adventure, and most of her companions were in a state of prostration when they landed.

* * *

Mr. Labouchere is undoubtedly a very amusing person, and the article which the *Daily Mirror*

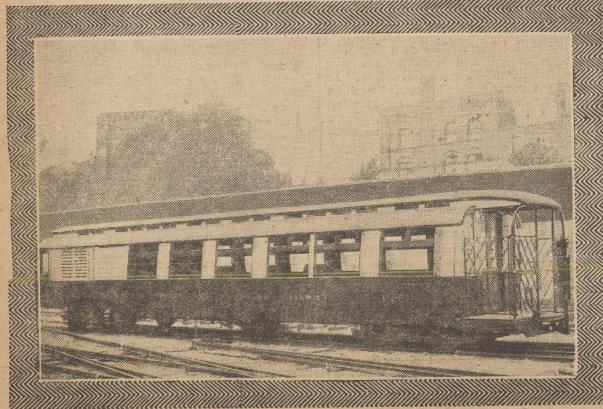
PICTURES OF THE DAYS NEWS

FITTING OUT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FLOATING PALACE.



Preparations for the forthcoming visit to India next month of the Prince and Princess of Wales are now being actively pushed forward. The Renown is rapidly losing her martial appearance, many of her guns have been removed, and from a dull grey colour she has been converted to glistening white. The photographs, which were taken especially for the *Daily Mirror*, show—(1 and 2) The work of repairing. (3) A sitting-room window in place of a gun. (4) The interior of a gun casement fitted as an officer's room. (5) Painting the guns white. (6) Making the promenade deck.

CAR FOR LONDON'S NEW TUBE.



One of the cars for the new Baker-street and Waterloo Railway, which is the second of Mr. Charles T. Yerkes's traffic schemes now approaching completion.

LADY ROSSLYN'S CATCH.



Lady Rosslyn, on board the steam yacht Veleta, landing her first fish.

NEWS BY

THE KING AT THE



For once the King discarded motor-cars and drove was unpleasant, with mist and rain, his Majesty a racing with keen interest. The photograph shows combe (on the right), the St. Leger winner, with O small photograph is of Mr. *W. H. Smith*.

"WEIGHING IN" FOR THE



One of the features of the 207½ miles motor-car race no competitor must use more than nine and a quarter miles were made of aluminium and papier-mâché.

EXPRESS

CASTER RACES.



aces in a wagonette. Although the weather had himself thoroughly, and watched the driving through Doncaster; (2) Challanger, returning to the scales after the race. The owner.

MOTOR-CAR RACE.



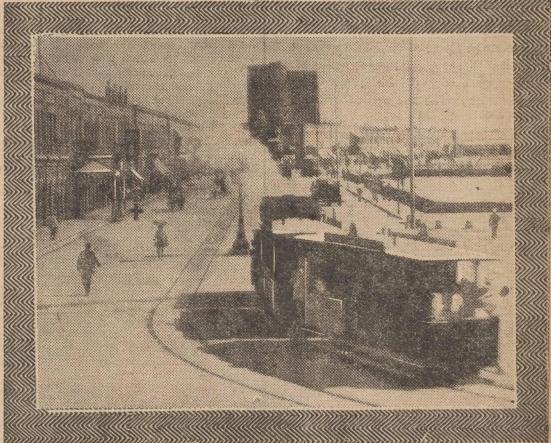
ars at the Isle of Man yesterday was that petrol. In order to lighten cars bonnets graph shows the cars being weighed.

CAMERAGRAPH'S OF CURRENT EVENTS

HERO AND SCENES OF THE BAKU "HOLY WAR."



Mr. Leslie Urquhart, the British Vice-Consul at Baku, through whose courage and promptitude the lives of all the English were saved. (Lafayette.)



The Governor's house at Baku (marked with a cross), outside which hundreds of the rioters were slain as they attempted to set fire to the residence. It was around this official residence that the mob were most severely dealt with by a large force of soldiers posted for its protection.



Baku harbour, in which is anchored the vessel containing the British residents rescued by Mr. Leslie Urquhart. In spite of many entreaties, Mr. Urquhart has forbidden anyone to leave the ship without his order.



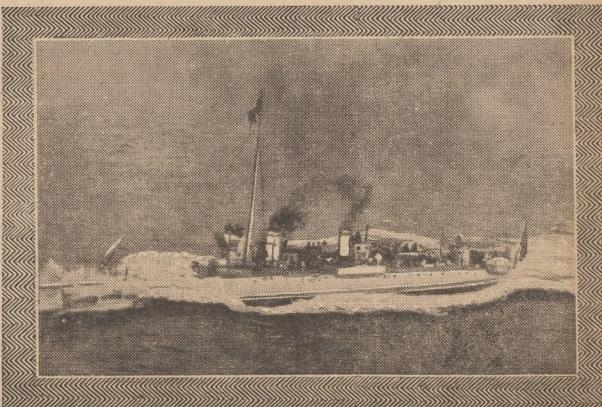
One of the burning oil wells near Baku which has been devastated by the revolutionaries. Damage to the amount of £20,000,000 has been done, and the industry is temporarily ruined.

"DR. WESTEN'S" WIFE.



Miss Alice Bell, who was married to "Dr. Albert C. Westen," who is believed to be the American bigamist, on May 10 at Manchester.

FRENCH DESTROYER TORPEDOED.



The French destroyer Hallebarde, while passing a group of torpedo-boats which were at practice off Toulon Harbour, was struck by a torpedo, and a hole made in her side. Temporary repairs were made, and she was towed into Toulon, where she will be placed in dry dock.

BOOKS TO READ.

Mr. Max Pemberton's Romance of Napoleon and Waterloo.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

THE HUNDRED DAYS. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell, 6s.) PUBLISHED TO-DAY.

How is it that the figure of Napoleon never palls in fiction, and always engrosses the attention of the reader? The personality of the great Corsican is still so powerful that it magnetises writers and readers alike.

Mr. Max Pemberton was thrilled into improving upon his usual style when he drew his vivid picture in "The Hundred Days" of Napoleon, escaped from Elba, back in Paris, and on his way to his final defeat at Waterloo. It is a fine and stirring account that he gives of the time and the people, and of the Little Corsican at the Tuilleries, and of the amazing attitude of Paris concerning him.

The last chapters of the book are devoted to Waterloo, followed anxiously from the woods of Quatre Bras by his hero and heroine. The account of the panic and despair which followed close on the heels of that last unsuccessful effort of Napoleon's are particularly good.

Historically the book is of value, and with his realism Mr. Pemberton has cleverly interwoven a delightful romance. Bernard St. Armand, an Englishman exiled from his country on account of a duel, falls in with Yvonne de Feyrolles, "a daring adventures, such as these times produced in their fecundity of opportunity." A type of the new society, yet one linked by birth to the old; she could have lived in no other age than the age of revolution and its aftermath."

... charming and impetuous young lady drags St. Armand with her into the thick of the fray, and Mr. Pemberton carries them safely to a happy ending, amid strife, intrigue, doubts, and disappointment. There may have been many adventures in those times, but there could not have been many as engaging as Yvonne.

FORTUNE'S WHEEL. By George Long. (Greenleaf.) Certainly the dauntless hero of the book had no cause to complain of Fortune's Wheel. When he was making a living as a Varsity match, or reigning over a Zulu tribe, or playing polo, or being court-martialled, or deserting, when none of these, he took a commission to join and arranged that he should have a commission with the rank of captain, or when in Egypt, or being drafted into the mysterious military intelligence, it was all one to him. He came out on top every time. True, his love affairs were unfortunate, as his career was not a smooth river, and his father, who lost all his large fortune in speculation, won it all back by the time of his son's birth, but he had a fortune to his credit, and his son, as he might have done on Wednesday. So he settled down comfortably at a country seat with "special advantages for sport of all kinds," and there were no more.

THE HARVEST OF LOVE, by C. Ranger Gull. John Long's novel depends not so much upon its incident and story as upon its characters, and if Mr. Gull's black and white sheep were not so easily inclined to them. The woman's strong pride and vanity inclined them to her. And his father, who lost all his large fortune in speculation, won it all back by the time of his son's birth, but he had a fortune to his credit, and his son, as he might have done on Wednesday. So he settled down comfortably at a country seat with "special advantages for sport of all kinds," and there were no more.

SO LIKE A WOMAN, by G. Manville Fenn. (Chatto and Windus.) Two brothers in love with one girl. One had the other good. The girl was a widow, and the widow's young brother condemned to penal servitude, while he himself makes arrangements to marry the girl. But the convict outlives the widow, and the girl, who had been a game of hide and seek in which the police force is worsted, the bad brother is accidentally killed, only lingering long enough to tell his wife that he had made arrangements for his trial, and his brother's behaviour. The story is written with much spirit, and the convict's various hideous escapes are really ingenious.

THE SIDE OF LABAN. ROUTH, by Adeline Sergeant (Digby, Long, and Co.). Laban Routh was a Cumberland farmer with twin sons and an orphan niece whom he had adopted. Peter and John were really bad boys, but discovered that Routh's farm really belonged to the nice Esther, and held this knowledge to themselves, and so got into a great deal of trouble over Laban as a means of getting rid of him. Peter and John fell in love with Esther, so did Peter Preston. How the brothers quarrelled and fought, and one thought he had made a good catch, and the other, the late Miss Sergeant told simply and charmingly, and left everybody comfortably disposed of at the end.

PICTURES IN COLORE. OF WARWICKSHIRE. (Jarrold.) Some of the prettiest views in Warwickshire have been chosen for this book, the first of a series illustrating most of the counties of Great Britain. They are exquisitely printed, and the book is a pleasure to hold. It is a picture in which Warwickshire is so richly represented before us in the descriptive notes by Mr. F. L. Sabine, that it is difficult to believe that the rest of the series of the English country and if the rest who like to be reminded of delightful holidays should consider this book.

QUIET HOURS WITH NATURE. By Mrs. Brightwell (Fisher Unwin.) A fascinating book. Mrs. Brightwell's tender comprehension of animal life extends even to beetles and ants, and she has a special chapter for those who like to realize that every bird or beast has an individual character and disposition. She is an observer, and has the gift of making what she writes interesting, and the book is one of the most delightful parts of the book are about trees.

THE ALLISON VEGETARIAN COOKERY BOOK (Natural Food Co. Ltd.) comprises a variety of recipes on the natural food principle, and is not only for vegetarians, but for meat-eaters as well. Dr. Allison, who is the author of thirteen books on health, has, in compiling it, given much attention to the preparation of the food, and has added some useful analytical tables.

THE TENDERFOOT, by W. J. Shepard. A very simple story of Australian bush life. Rather a book for boys, and for those who do not worry about "truth to life," than for more discriminating readers. John Long. 6s.

All That a Man Hath.

By Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Over a dark road towards a burning goal."

The train moved with a steady, jogging, and not unduly rapid motion over a wide, flat, and grey plain.

A thick and cheerless twilight reigned; although it was barely three o'clock of the afternoon in this uninhabited district of the great German empire, where the ingenuity of man fashioned weapons of destruction out of iron and steel, and the bowels of the earth were rich with coal.

It was a local train, and it started from Düsseldorf and meandered on until it reached a great junction, where many of the great expresses stopped for a few moments, panting, on their way to the North, to Berlin and the route to Russia, to the Eastern Provinces, to far-away Galicia, to the South, to historic Nürnberg and happy, handsome, art-loving Munich, and, still further, to the sun-shine and the enchantment of more clement lands.

This junction was passed, and the train had become more local than ever, stopping at every little station, and not troubling to get up speed in between.

Alone in a first-class compartment sat a passenger who had entered the train at Düsseldorf, having come from Strasburg, and before that from Paris. A young woman, wrapped in a rough long coat of dark blue serge; head and hat swathed in voluminous folds of white chiffon, partly raised in front to show a delicate white face, a pair of long, thin, bright-red lips, that smiled subtly without parting, large, strange, stony eyes, and a few escaping tendrils of red hair.

Fay Swindover herself; and none other. Impossible to call her Fay Dangerville. What right had she to, what use had she for a name that she had taken to herself but yesterday, only to cast aside immediately and for ever the privileges and the rights and the duties it entailed?

It was exactly a week and two days since her flight. She had not changed in any respect; but sat looking out of the carriage window with just the same frozen look, just the same sulky cynical indifference, that suggested, without vanity, a person looking down on the world and all its doings from some tremendous and impersonal height.

The scene did not appear to depress her. Indeed, she seemed to take pleasure in it, for she looked out with interested eyes, and every now and then she smiled to herself, not the characteristic, changeless little smile that was grrafted into the very mould of her lips, but a conscious one of soft and wonderful radiance, the smile of a person who has long struggled and fought in insufferable longing and has at last cast all doubts from him and found the way of fulfilment, the way to the burning goal of desire.

The train jolted on, the twilight deepened.

Now and then the flare of a row of furnaces in full blast threw a lurid light into the carriage; there seemed no end to the tall chimneys, the great iron-roofed sheds. Every now and then, when the road ran parallel with the line, one could distinguish groups walking sturdily, men begrimed and muscular, women homely, and brawny-limbed, who did men's work at the pit's mouth.

The land itself was a desert, with a canal cut straight through its iron heart. Nobody had time to tend it; it was surely a land black and forbidding on which all-powerful Demeter, the earth mother, had laid a curse.

But to Fay Swindover it was as fair as the shining streets of the most glorious heaven ever conceived by the mind of man. Once or twice she even put her head out of the window to breathe in its air, impregnated with coal dust and grime. And no pure blast blown over fields of ice and virgin mountain tops could have been sweeter.

Gradually the scene changed a little for the better. There were not quite so many chimneys, here and there vegetables and flowers struggled to grow in a garden by the side of the canal. Afterwards there were more gardens, and trim houses set in them, some of them very picturesque with huge, overhanging roofs. Then there were not only gardens, but orchards, bare now because winter seemed already to have descended on this bleak land. On the horizon a long low line of hills began to appear; presently the slow pace of the train grew even slower, and it began to puff and pant; there was actually a slight gradient for it to mount.

It was leaving the black-country behind. It was much too dark by this time to see anything, but Fay knew the road by heart, and she still looked steadily out of the window as if, through the gathering gloom, she saw her goal.

In quick succession the train passed through two moderate-sized stations, belonging to two prosperous, compact little towns, with tree-lined boulevards surrounding them. Then out into the open country again, a country rising and growing more pleasant with every mile.

Then suddenly, with a grinding and a jolting, the train stopped, and Fay, putting her head out of the window, smelt fresh country air, instead of coal dust, but could see no sign of a station, knew, indeed, that there was none.

At that moment an official, walking along the knife-board, as is the custom in Germany on trains that have no corridors, passed her carriage.

"Why do we stop here?" she called out.

The man touched his military-looking cap.

"It is to take up 'Herr' von Kriegsfeier, Franklin," he replied. He looked at her with

(continued on page 13.)



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THE NEW FACE CREAM

The true secret of beauty is cleanliness, but it is impossible to keep the skin clean by the use of soap and water, for these only remove the dust and grime that clog the pores. A pure face cream must be used. Oatine is perfectly pure. It will remove every particle of dirt lodged in pores and skin. It is a cream that contains no animal fat, arsenic, or minerals. The woman who uses Oatine has a clean, clear skin. Oatine is the skin cleanser, the one thing that will enable women to keep youth and beauty. IT DOES NOT GROW HAIR.

If you will send us your name and address, we will SEND YOU A BOOKLET showing you the principles of face massage. The cream contains a special oil which helps you to plump the tissues, eradicate wrinkles, and keep the skin soft and velvety. With this booklet we will send FREE ENOUGH OATINE for you to test its merits.

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Price 30/- 2/6 deposit
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Will secure this
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Mr. B. H. DALMET, 42, Gray's Inn Rd., London.

THE NELSON
CENTENARY.

Everybody should read W. Clark Russell's stirring adventure of the sea in the days of Nelson, "The Yarn of Old Harbour Town" (6s.). First impression sold out before publication.

T. FISHER UNWIN.

SIDE LIGHTS ON YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

Interesting Paragraphs Concerning Current Events.

Yet Another!

The "Births, Marriages, and Deaths" column of a morning contemporary contained the following yesterday:—"On the 12th inst., at Cleeve, Ivybridge, the wife of —, another daughter."

Day of Anniversaries.

Yesterday was not only the 100th anniversary of Nelson's last departure on his country's service. It was the forty-eighth anniversary of the storming of Delhi, and the fifty-fifth anniversary of the death of the great Duke of Wellington.

£78,000 for Repairs.

Battleships cost much more than the round million which has to be expended upon their building. The Illustrious ended a term of seven years' service in the Mediterranean and Atlantic yesterday, and went into Chatham Dockyard to be refitted at a cost of £78,000.

Related News.

Not until yesterday afternoon were the newspapers officially informed that the adjournment of the House of Commons was moved on nine occasions during the past session of Parliament, and that leave was granted on every occasion. Everybody knew weeks ago. In 1901 the adjournment was moved nine times, in 1902 fourteen times, in 1903 three times, and in 1904 seven times.

Typhoid and Its Cure.

If Baron Komura recovers from his attack of typhoid fever, his nurses will be chiefly entitled to thanks. Doctors can do comparatively little in such a case. Careful nursing, on the other hand, works marvels. One strange thing about typhoid is that the patient, once recovered, is more healthy than before the illness. Millions of people are hoping that it will be so in the present case.

Prophecy on the Stage.

If the Theatrical Managers' Association's threat to prosecute the Palace Theatre in the event of Mr. G. R. Sims's "revue" being produced prevents the production of the play, the public will be robbed of a sight of prophecy dramatised. "Dagorum," who gives a more or less serious idea of what will happen in 1910, has included "Lady M.P.s" among the chorus, in addition to a crowd of babies, duchesses, and working men.

After the Holidays.

Although thousands of people are now returning from the seaside in a more or less impudent condition, it is scarcely likely that many of them have been so extravagant as Oldham people are when away from home. Money is so scarce after the Oldham "wakes," said the "Meal and Cattle Gazette" yesterday, that on the Monday following butchers can dispose of very little beyond sheep's heads. Hence the designation "Sheep's Head Monday."

Etiquette and Disaster.

The sinking of the Mikasa has given rise to a curious point in international etiquette. Can other Sovereigns publicly condole with the Mikado or must such condolence, if expressed at all, be conveyed privately? One set of theorists argue that there can be no public condolences, as Japan is still at war, the sinking is an incident in the warfare. To send a message of condolence, therefore, would be something akin to a breach of neutrality.

Auctioneers in Council.

Fortunately for themselves not all the 1,700 members of the Auctioneers' Institute will be at Ipswich to-day for the opening of their annual conference. If all were present the hotel accommodation would have to include all the bathrooms in the town. Many of the auctioneers are staying at the Great White Horse Hotel, which is famous as the scene of Mr. Pickwick's encounter with the middle-aged lady whose bedroom he was careless enough to enter.

Final Words of Comfort.

Before the forty motor-cars started to race for the Tourist Trophy at the Isle of Man yesterday the drivers were told that ten doctors were stationed at different points along the fifty-two-mile course, and that each medical man had a car in readiness to take him to the scene of an accident. When handed a card explaining where the doctors were to be found, one competitor remarked: "Oh, I see. If I get killed, I have only to look at the card for the address of the nearest bone-repairing depôt."

Church with Five Hymn-Books.

Many Anglican clergymen were busy yesterday discussing the *Daily Mirror* announcement that yet another edition of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," is to be published shortly. In a few months, if present intentions are fulfilled, they will be puzzling themselves as to which hymn-book to use in their churches, for the Church of England will have five hymn-books—the two editions of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," already published, and the third now in course of preparation, "Church Hymns," and the hymnal which a committee started to compile last April as a result of the discovery that the second edition of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," was so unsatisfactory.

UNEMPLOYED MARCH TO WORKHOUSE YESTERDAY.



The unemployed of West Ham on the march to the workhouse yesterday to demand relief. Between fifty and sixty men received orders for the "House," and were told to present themselves at the gates at five o'clock.

SOUTHEND MALE BEAUTY SHOW PRIZEWINNERS.



Mr. Abraham Rogers, the handsomest married man.



Mr. Gordon Fryer, the handsomest single man.

AUBURN OUT OF DATE.

Fashionable Grey Hair Leads to Demand for New Invention in Dyes.

There is a fortune waiting for the person who invents a grey hair-dye.

At present it is only possible to have grey locks by natural means, or buy hair bleached by a costly artificial process.

Yesterday the *Daily Mirror* was told by Mr. Lichfield, the famous hair artist, that grey hair-dye was a myth.

"I have often heard of it," he said, "and have made careful inquiries, but have never discovered it. It is an impossibility, and, even if it were possible, the treatment would have to be constantly applied, which would make it expensive."

"White and grey hair are the most difficult to procure. They take nearly six months to bleach, and lose one-third in the process."

The cause of the boom in grey hair is the determination of middle-aged women, stated a Court costumier, not to be dowdy, but exquisitely dressed in the modes of fifty years ago.



Mr. Tom Carpenter, the biggest dandy in the show.

"DAILY MAIL."

Our Great Free Gift Distribution.

HAVE YOU SECURED YOUR PRESENT YET?

IF NOT, WRITE AT ONCE.

Our shower of tortoiseshell soap-boxes has not yet ceased, but we would strongly advise our readers to write immediately, as it is impossible to be too soon in obtaining your present. We may be asked, "Why do you give away thousands of presents to the public? Why not let 'Antexema Soap' speak for itself and make its own way without a wholesale distribution of gifts?" This is a question easy to answer. We want to introduce "Antexema Soap" to the largest possible number of people in the shortest possible period of time because we are quite confident that a

"Antexema Soap" only needs to be known to be appreciated, and only appreciated to be asked for in the future, and experience proves that this is precisely what happens.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

You want to look as nice as you can, do you not? Everyone does, but it cannot too often be repeated that whatever may be one's natural advantages they go for nothing if the skin is unhealthy in appearance and the hair thin and poor. No woman is beautiful if she has not a delicately-tinted complexion, free from spot or blemish, and a luxuriant growth of beautiful hair. It is not pretended that "Antexema Soap" will alter either form or features, but it is merely a statement of fact to say that "Antexema Soap" will prevent blackheads, pimples, and red, rough, oily skin, and render it clear, pure, fresh, and healthy, and make the hair silky and glossy.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR SKIN

If you treat your skin with proper consideration you will find your reward not only in improved looks, but in better health. Realise for a moment that on the surface of your skin there are no fewer than seven million pores, and every one of these seven millions has its proper work to do, and if the pores fail to do their work you can neither be healthy or look healthy. Imagine, then, how the health must inevitably suffer if hundreds of thousands of these pores are stopped up or clogged with impurity of any kind, and you will see how important it is to use "Antexema Soap," and so keep the pores open as Nature intended, and enable them to perform their functions thoroughly.

WHAT SOAP DO YOU USE?

Once more we ask this question, because so many people seem satisfied with a soap that merely takes off the surface dirt, and leaves it still stopping up the pores. You must use soap, then why not use a soap possessing such great virtues as "Antexema Soap," the Soap that beautifies, and which embodies the scent, and healing, refreshing, and antiseptic virtues of the pines. "Antexema Soap," by cleansing the pores as well as the surface, maintains skin health and beauty?

WASHING THE HEAD

For this purpose you need to be very careful about the soap you use. A coarse soap with excessive alkali makes the hair dry and brittle, whilst a soap containing free fat will make the hair greasy and so attract dirt. "Antexema Soap," on the contrary, completely cleanses the scalp, makes the hair grow in a healthy fashion, and any tendency to baldness is counteracted by its use. "Antexema Soap" lathers beautifully, and makes hard water soft, so that it is an ideal soap for a shampoo.

WASHING BABY

There is no soap equal to "Antexema Soap" for this purpose. It preserves the beauty and bloom of baby's dainty skin, and makes the lovely flossy hair even more bright and exquisitely soft. Coarse common soap should never be used, as it spoils the skin and injures the hair, and gives rise to chafing and skin irritation, and makes baby fretful.

DO IT NOW

Sit down at once and send your sixpenny postal order for a sixpenny tablet of "Antexema Soap," and receive our free gift of a handsome tortoiseshell soap-case decorated in gold. Write immediately, mention the *Daily Mirror*, and address your letter to "Antexema," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W. There is no time like the present.

YOU WANT FURNITURE

But at the moment it is not convenient to lay out the entire money. That is why you should consult

JAY'S

THE WORLD'S PREMIER CREDIT FURNITURE HOUSE.

Everything and anything for the home (large or small) ON CREDIT AT CASH PRICES.

NO vexatious INQUIRIES OR DELAYS.

FREE DELIVERY IN PLAIN VANS.

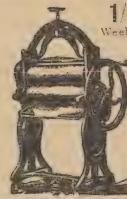
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9
PIECES



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Not Disturb
Your Cash.

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Branches at Manchester, Liverpool, Bradford, Leeds, Bristol, Birmingham, Cardiff, and Sheffield.

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Surplus £322,112. 24 per cent. allowed on current account balances.

Deposits of £10 or upwards received as under: 6 months notice of withdrawal.

A COIFFURE SHOWING THE NEW LOW JEWELLED DIADEM SURMOUNTED BY COMET AIGRETTES.

DAINTY ORNAMENTS.

THE COMET AIGRETTE AND WHY SO CALLED.

In the autumn season the ornament greatly flourishes, and fancy chains, pins, bracelets, pendants, hair and neck ornaments are worn on ordinary occasions to a greater extent by well-dressed women than during the summer. In fact, it has become an unwritten rule that ornaments shall be worn with the simplest of gowns, and as far as possible they must match the costume and harmonise with the colouring of the wearer.

There is an art in choosing becoming and appropriate jewellery, and the woman who possesses the artistic instinct chooses her ornaments with all the care that she bestows upon her gowns and hats. Since semi-precious stones are enjoying a revival of fashionable favour just now, the colour range of such beautiful specimens as rose and yellow topaz, lapis-lazuli, garnet, and amethyst admits a choice of ornaments in keeping with the variations of the modish colour list.

Vogue of the Long Jet Chain.

Long jet chains are used now, draped in many strands, as the garnishment not only of the corsage of an evening dress, but upon the whole gown when it is made of net or gauze. Employed as skirt garnitures they are attached to the waist and are caught in loops at different distances and sewn to the frock, in which guise they form an attractive ornament for the black frock.

To-day's picture illustrates a charmingly-arranged coiffure decorated with that very fashionable ornament the comet aigrette, so called because it is built to resemble the tail of a comet, and is worn very frequently waving backwards from the head, in which position its likeness to a comet is more striking than when it is seen upright. It is sold in feathers of many colours, as well as in white and black—the favourite choice for a blonde or silver-haired woman—but among the colours emerald green is best liked. The low diadem that is shown in the picture is built of diamonds and pearls, but in a less expensive form can be purchased carried out in sequins and imitation pearls.

Buttons are so beautiful now that they may well be classed as ornaments. There are lovely trimmings of buttons to be seen on all the new frocks. The brilliant little coloured enamel button set in silver is very pretty, and the crystal ones are very smart. Embroidered buttons are to be one fad this winter, and there is this great advantage about them that they may be made at home, and so are within the reach of every woman who is deaf with her needle.

FOR THE INVALID.

For the convenience of the invalid to whom small items of comfort mean so much, there are numerous contrivances easily made by one skilful with the crochet or knitting needle. Consider the hot-water bottle cover for instance. Few possessions add more directly to the comfort of an invalid than a hot-water bottle, but the ordinary red baize cover

in its everyday guise is not attractive. Encased in a crocheted or knitted slip of some gay tint admired by the invalid, that will match her peignoir or chair covering, it becomes a smart accessory as well as a prosaic comfort producer.

Somewhat newer in the way of invalid treasures is a pillow-holder made of strong ribbon or webbing fastened to clasps, such as are used for stocking suspenders. This simple and ingenious little device does away with the feeling of fear on the part of many an invalid that the pillow will slip when the nurse is not at hand and the invalid wants

to move her position. The holder allows of any movement and yet leaves the pillow just right when the patient leans back after a few minutes' change of position. For each pair of clasps for the pillow-holder three yards of webbing in, wide will be required.

Next there is a sofa rug which will avoid that uncomfortable feeling of the rug slipping off the sofa, for it is made for the feet to slip into, hence the fact of having it underneath as well as over the feet and ankles, will keep it on the sofa even when it is not tied to it as it may be.



The diadem illustrated here is sometimes backed by velvet, but usually the hair is puffed through the grille lightly and prettily. A very tall and thick aigrette is worn with it, the favourite colour for which is a vivid emerald green.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

interest and curiosity, for she was unlike most of the passengers that were carried on the line. "Perhaps the Fraulein is a stranger and has not heard of him. His schloss is just a few miles from here, and when he wishes somewhere to go, he sends word to stop the train. They call him the Coal and Steel and the King. Perhaps the Fraulein does not know how important such a man is. We stop the train for him, but we would not for anyone else. He goes to Mirmont to stay with his Highness the Grand Duke at the Neues Palais."

"Ah, to Mirmont," said Fay. She put some silver into the man's hand, and he passed on. She smiled a little bitterly to herself. Did she not understand, perhaps better than any other, the power of this man for whom a train was stopped, and who ruled his fellows with a wand of gold?

About twenty minutes later, the train ran through a long tunnel and down a steep gradient, and she heard the name of it ringing in her ears, sung out by the raucous voice of a porter:—

"Mirmont! Mir—mont!"

Fay sprang to her feet and sank down again on to the dusty, dark blue cushions, as if her limbs refused to support her, and then stood up again, slowly and painfully, and drew her veil closely over her face.

She chambered down from the high carriage and signed to a porter to take possession of her dressing-case and a bundle of rugs and papers.

"Is there grosses Gepäck, Fraulein?" the man asked. No one, uninformed, ever gave her the more dignified title. She looked so slim, so fragile, so eminently unattractive.

"Yes; three large trunks," she said. "Here is the receipt. I want a cab to drive outside the town."

The man found her baggage, and rejoined her on the platform. It was a handsome station, with a great deal of glass roof and an army of important-looking officials, like officers in a smart regiment, in dark tunics and bright red military caps.

Outside the station was a large paved square, surrounded by imposing-looking buildings. A string of cabs waited, and a monstrous white automobile, with a coat-of-arms painted on its panels, surrounded by a princely crown—the Grand Duke's motor-car sent to fetch his honoured guest, Herr von Kriegsfelder, the coal and steel and iron king. Fay's eyes swept the line of cabs with the glance of a connoisseur.

"That second droshky," she said to the porter, "with the pair of greys. They have to go far." "Where to, Fraulein?" asked the driver in heavy cape and shining tall hat, after her luggage had been disposed on the roof of the landau.

"To Schloss Ludwigsruhe," replied Fay.

The man whistled, cracked his whip, and settled to work with Teutonic stolidity to cover the eight miles that lay between the station of Mirmont and the lady's destination.

First a long white road, tree-bordered; then a gate, a remnant of the feudal ages, and Fay trembled inside the roomy vehicle, for there are circumstances in which the entrance to a prime and orderly little German "Residenz" can equal in joyousapture the passage through the golden gates of Paradise.

After the gate, a broad, brilliantly-lighted street,

with great stone houses on either side; then a square with gardens and a bandstand and a ring of open-air cafés all round it; then a still larger square, more gardens, and a great palace in the Italian Renaissance style, to which Fay kissed her hand with a rapturous abandon, just as if her face had never been like a frozen image and her glance like stone.

Further on, more streets, brilliantly-lighted shops, tramway-lines, the whirr of electric cars, endless cafés, a procession of orderly, drab-coloured townsfolk, a great theatre, with the latest Parisian success advertised in letters of fire; more gardens, several huge "Bierhallen," a music-hall, with the names of English artists writ large upon it; then handsome public buildings, a museum, a modern Gothic cathedral; more shops, more streets, more tall, handsome stone houses, and, suddenly, a broad plain, darkness—the country.

One could see nothing; only a road, with tall trees on either side, and one heard the rushing of a river.

The cab pulled up in front of tall iron gates. The cabman dismounted and rang a bell that clang'd through the night like an alarm of fire.

The gates opened as if of themselves. The cab drove through them, up a long avenue bordered by massed trees that made it black as Erebus. A great sweep, and a house came in sight; very large, a castle, with turrets and battlements, grim and ghostly, with only a few faint lights in the lower windows.

The doors were open; a great flight of steps led up to them.

Fay sprang out of the cab. It was bitterly cold, like the air that blows through a pinewood from high fields of snow.

She ran swiftly up the steps. Inside the big doors of the house there was only a dim illumination. An elderly woman stood there—prim, severe, in rustling silk and lace head-dress.

"Carloita!" cried Fay. She spoke in German. Her voice was like a child's escaped from school.

"I have come home."

6

pages — The London
"Evening News," which
is the evening edition
of the "Daily Mail."

ORDER IT.

(To be continued.)

Insuring Against
Loss of Hair.

MR. GEO. R. SIMS' TATCHO POLICY.

It is impossible nowadays for either men or women to retain a place in the business world if they lose their hair. Business life has become so strenuous that employers do not hesitate to promptly dispense with the services of those who lose their youthful looks, because they realise that

To Look Old is to Feel Old,

which means loss of ambition, heart, and personality. Employers also complain of the dissatisfaction the retention of the bald and grey-haired inspires among young employees of calibre waiting to fill more responsible positions. Science has not been so lacking that a remedy does not exist. For this reason the world is indebted to

Mr. Geo. R. Sims.

"I was rapidly going bald," he says in the "Daily Mail." "I went to two specialists. I was told something, and by dint of experiment I discovered 'Tatcho.'

Look at My Hair Now,

isn't that convincing evidence?" It would be no exaggeration to say that the use of "Tatcho" is like taking a sip at the fountain of perpetual youth. Looking young, you feel young, enjoy life and face the future with confidence. Mr. Geo. R. Sims places this precious gift of youthful appearance in your power. By using "Tatcho" you are positively

Insuring Against Loss of Hair,

"Tatcho" is not a remedy for the rich only. The institution of the system by which the public are able to obtain a

4/6 Trial Bottle of "Tatcho" for 1/10.

carriage paid, has brought "Tatcho" to a level with other necessities of life. The system was instituted and is being continued *solely to educate the people to the value of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery*. Each user being a living testimony to the powers of "Tatcho," a hundred thousand users are of infinitely greater service in securing an enduring reputation than a hundred thousand pounds spent in the orthodox methods of Press publicity. In "Tatcho" you have the specific which is in use in the Army and Navy, in hospitals and convalescent homes, and is being prescribed by doctors themselves to hundreds of patients and non-patients. *Humanly speaking*, success in overcoming baldness, falling hair, and grey hair is assured by the use of "Tatcho."

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

and send with P.O. or stamps for 1/10 to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London. By return you will receive a full size 4/6 trial bottle of "TATCHO," Carr. Paid.

TOOTH-ACHE

CURED INSTANTLY BY

BUNTER'S
NERVINE
Prevents Decay, Saves
Extraction, Sleepless Nights
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Neuralgic Headaches and all Nerve

NERVINE, All Chemists, 1s. 1d.

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Icilmra Natural Water is a marvellous painless remedy for aches, sore eyes, chilblains, chilic, battle-ache, sprains, bruises, rheumatism, and nose stings. Prevents and cures sunburn, prickly heat, eczema, and irritations from heat, cold, or weakness.

Icilmra Fluid contains no grease, and its cleansing virtues make the skin healthy, transparent, free from roughness, wrinkles, and superfluous hair, and give a lasting and comfortable sleep.

Icilmra Soap is invaluable for hard or brash skin, and for all skin irritations, and is a revelation of what a soap can do.

Its remarkable healing and beautifying powers, its refreshing effects when tired, irritated, or warm, its absolute harmlessness, make Icilmra a necessity in every home and to every traveller.

Water is, Cream is, Soap is.

Send 2d. stamp for samples Soap and Cream, and

Bottle of Fluid.

ICILMRA CO., Ltd. (Dept. B), 142, Gray's Inn-road, London.

WHY NOT?

Have

Absolutely Pure Cocoa

It costs you nothing extra
save remembering to say

CADBURY'S

XENY WINS THE
PORTLAND PLATE.

Superb Jockeyship by Maher—
Exciting Sport at Doncaster—
—Costly Lady Scores.

"GREY FRIARS'" SELECTIONS.

DOCASTER, Thursday Night.—Quantity and quality were represented on the third day of the Doncaster Meeting, but the card was a trifle too long, and, interesting as matches sometimes are, the one between Lady Diakka' and Mistle might easily have been dispensed with.

* * *

The weather was much more enjoyable than on St. Leger-day, and with the big event a matter of ancient history, the attendance once more assumed its natural proportions.

* * *

It is not often that a first-class jockey has to stand down a whole day, but this was the luck of the elder Griggs' yesterday. He quickly got up for the meeting, however, and the Corporation Betting Handicap on Feather Boa, but very few beyond his thick-and-thin supporters profited by the result. Zanoni, who had been in retirement since June, enlisted in the big speculators on the card, and has had a dead heat with Mistle, and could not go into the pace with the young horse.

* * *

Feather Boa's sire, Wildflower, won the St. Leger for Captain Green's Stable. Her like in the course thus appears to be hereditary, as she had not run, prior to to-day, since scoring at this meeting last year. She

also ran at Epsom and Chester, and Griggs (Winner trained by C. Peck).

* * *

What might have turned out a serious matter for Madden, the rider of Challenger, occurred in the Whistlecap Stakes. His mount, Topstone, struck into Lady Dandy, causing Madden to fall off. He was temporarily knocked out, and it was at first thought that he had been badly injured, but fortunately he was hurt, and so soon recovered as to be able to ride again in the Portland Plate. His fall recalls to mind the fact that it is just on a year since W. Lane met with such terrible injuries at Lingfield. It was on September 20 that Bellesford fell with him, and caused the retirement of this brilliant jockey.

* * *

Speaking of Madden and W. Lane also brings to memory the fact that the pair shared the riding honours on the concluding day of the Doncaster Meeting last year. The pair of them won the hat-trick, Madden taking the first three races and Lane the last three. Favourable accounts have been received concerning the last-named, who is now on a journey round the world.

* * *

After Snatch had won the Juvenile Selling Plate there was some exciting competition for the son of Pager. Mr. Sol Joel desired to retain him, but even a millionaire has his limits, and he passed on his possession to Mr. D. B. Baird, who is a well-known horseman. His new owner is Mr. P. Nelke, who, like Mr. Sol Joel, acquired his wealth in South Africa. If he develops only half the merits of his sire, Snatch will prove a big bargain. He is a cut above a plough form, and was evidently put in for a game at starting price.

* * *

Last year a big sensation preceded the Alexandra Plate, but it was the first race on the card, the ride for the famous Snatch, who was down town—caught fair and blazed furiously, the race having to be put back to the end of the programme. Hackler's Pride was not greatly fancied for to-day's race, the idea of her connections being that she would not start in the race. The visitors were bound on the lower and Breckhampton scored with Mountain Rose, who landed a big stake for her connections. Higgs had reduced himself considerably to ride the winner, and he showed unmistakable signs of his severe wasting.

* * *

The Portland Plate was a Stewards' Cup on a minor scale, and it brought out some of the fastest sprinters in training. The draw played a big part in the event, and very little was known at the start, but the result was announced. With Bass Rock and Whitechapel both well drawn, there was a big rush to get on these two candidates, but the backers of the last-named were in anything but a pleasure mood when Bass Rock and Whitechapel were on the outside at the post, owing to their vagaries. This practically destroyed his chance. The race proved the best of the meeting, and, in fact, a more exciting contest has hardly been witnessed this season.

* * *

Masher has ridden some exceptionally good races since he has been in this country, but he excelled himself to-day on Xeny. He took the lion's share of the praise as he landed Xeny's first, but both Griggs and Flanagan are deserving of the highest commendation on their superb horsemanship on Chelys and Lord Toddington. The first six passed the post in a cluster, and nobody could tell who had won until the jockeys were mounted. The last two headed the race, and first, as Griggs felt confident that he had just got home on Chelys. Jockeys, however, are proverbially bad judges in these matters.

* * *

There was a lot of fighting against Costly Lady for the Scarborough Stakes, on account of her York display, but she was in a generous mood, and won in a canter. Before the race set of 4000 to 200 was booked to her account, she had but little chance, but the general impression did her display make that the best offer after the race was 10 to 1. She must hold a very big chance.

* * *

Colonia's victory in the Room Plate was a foregone conclusion, and she will have a fitting substitute for Black Arrow next season. Little interest was taken in the match, which proved the good thing it looked for. Mistle, Mr. Randall, the owner of Lady Diakka, cannot be congratulated upon making it.

TO-DAY'S SELECTIONS.

DONCASTER.

Prince of Wales's Nursery—MALUA.
Westmorland—Welter—KIRBY.
Westmorland—CUP—MAYOR.

Park Stake—ADALIA.
Doncaster Stakes—LLANGIBY—PERSINUS.

SPECIAL SELECTION.

KIRKY. GREY FRIARS.

DONCASTER RACING RETURNS.

20.—CORPORATION SELLING HANDICAP PLATE of 2000 svs. Six furlongs.

Lord Durham's ST. LETER BOA, 6s. 6d., 7st 1lb. Griggs 1
Mr. G. Lamont's ZANONI, 6s. 6d., 7st 1lb. ... M. ...
Mr. G. F. Freeman's TRAJAN II, 6s. 6d., 7st 1lb. ... E. ...
Also ran: Reno (Madden), Glenbrook (Wheatley), The

Lime (Trigg), Grey Leaf (Planagan), Chastity (Blades), and Weston Castle (Templeman). (Winner trained by C. Peck.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 11 to 10 on Zanoni, 6 to 5 on Trajan II, 10 to 9 on Weston Castle, and Grey Leaf, 100 to 8 each. Feather Boa and Weston Castle, and 20 to 1 each others. "Sportsman" prices the same, and easily by three lengths; a head between second and third.

20.—WHARNCLIFFE STAKES (high-weight handicap) of 5000 svs. Grey Leaf (Planagan), Chastity (Blades), and Weston Castle (Templeman).

Mr. G. Lamont's VERGIA, 7s. 1st lb. ... H. Jones
Captain Bewick's ST. LETER BOA, 7st 1lb. Shakes 2
Mr. F. Taylor's MYRCIA, aged, 8st 10lb. Maher 3
Also ran: Cosmopolitan (Wheatley), Sir Day (Higgs), Raven's Flight (Lamont), Lark (Lamont), Lark (Wheatley), Park Malt (Lynam), Gully (Trotson), Topstone (Madden), Princess Ickbal (Lawson), Sea Trip (Griggs), Lady Dandie (Plant), Whitechapel (Wheatley), and 20 others.

(Winner trained by Wilson.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 5 to 1 agst Vergia, 6 to 5 on St. Leter Boa, 100 to 8 each. Red Warrior, 100 to each Rosebury and Whitsbury, 9 to 1 Red Warrior, 100 to 8 Corobus, 100 to 7 Park Malt, and 20 to 1 each others. "Sportsman" prices the same. Won easily by a length and a half; those parts of a length between the second and third.

3.5.—JUVENILE SELLING PLATE of 2000 svs. for two-year-olds. Five furlongs.

Mr. Sol. Jon's ST. LETER BOA, 7s. 1st lb. ... Martin 1
Mr. A. Knowles's MARANTTA Filly, 8st 4lb. ... Halsey 2
Sir J. Miller's WALLAROO, 8st 4lb. ... Maher 3
Also ran: Hackler's Pride (Dillon), Whistling Crown (H. Jones), Almsfolk (Martin), Extradition (Plant), Wink-wink (Templeman), and Girose (Hicks).

(Winner trained by C. Peck.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 5 to 1 agst Wallaroo and Bro. ... 5 to 1 St. Leter Boa, 6 to 1 each Meander and Glucose, 5 to 1 Hammy Stubber, 100 to 8 Medusa, and 20 to 1 each others. "Sportsman" Price: 7 to 2 agst Wallaroo. Won easily by two lengths; head divided second and third.

3.5.—ALEXANDRA PLATE (handicap), of 5000 svs., by subscription of 15 svs. each. 5ft. Last mile and a half over the Old Course.

Mr. R. J. St. Leger's FLORIZEL, 4s. 6d., 7st 1lb. (P.) ... G. Lamont 1
Duke of Portland's MOUNTAIN ROSE, 5fts. 7st 3lb. Higgs 2
Duke of Portland's CROWN, 6s. 6d., 7st 1lb. ... Triggs 2
Mr. G. F. Freeman's ST. LETER BOA, 7st 1lb. ... E. ...
Also ran: Hackler's Pride (D. Dillon), Whistling Crown (H. Jones), Almsfolk (Martin), Extradition (Plant), Wink-wink (Templeman), and Girose (Hicks).

(Winner trained by C. Peck.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 4 to 1 agst Whistling Crown, 9 to 10 to Mountain Rose, 5 to 1 Hackler's Pride, 100 to 8 each Glucose, 100 to 8 each Medusa, and 20 to 1 each others. "Sportsman" prices the same. Won easily by two lengths; length and a half divided second and third.

4.10.—PORTLAND PLATE of 8000 svs., added to a handicap sweepstakes of 10 svs. each, 5 ft. Red Horse Inn (Five furlongs 152 yards).

Mr. R. E. Henning's XENY, 4s. 6d., 8st 12lb. ... Maher 1
Mr. G. F. Freeman's ST. LETER BOA, 7st 1lb. ... H. Jones 2
Mr. J. Musker's LORD TODDINGTON, 4s. 6d., 8st 1lb. ... Flanagan

Also ran: Rising Falcon (M. Cannon), Thrush (Madden), Sermon (Higgs), Airlie (Wheatley), Bass Rock (Blades), Orchid (R. Jones), Starburst (Lamont), Nirvana (Saxby), Wolfish (Triggs), Jongleur, Walsh (O'Brien), Howsey's (Ash), Templeman, and Gold Luck (Wheatley).

(Winner trained by B. Robinson.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 4 to 1 agst Bass Rock, 10 to 15 to Whitechapel, 7 to 1 St. Leron, 8 to 1 Roseate, 10 to 12 Raven's Ash, 100 to 9 Meleray, 100 to 8 each Glucose, 100 to 8 each Medusa, and 20 to 1 each Thrush, Airlie, and Otherwise, 25 to 1 each Rising Falcon, Lord Toddington, and Wolfish, 33 to 1 to 1 each Orchid, and 20 to 1 each others. "Sportsman" prices the same. Won by a short head; same between second and third.

5.10.—ROUSE PLATE of 5000 svs. for two-year-olds. Three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. W. Hall Walks' CYARDIA COLE, 2st 1lb. ... H. Jones 1
Mr. D. J. Jardine's CYARDIA COLE, 2st 1lb. ... H. Jones 1
Mr. W. R. Wyndham's GABRIEL, 2st 1lb. ... Lawson 3
Mr. D. Baird's MONDAMIN, 8st 5lb. ... Rickaby 2
Mr. D. Baird's DUNAMIN, 8st 5lb. ... Rickaby 2
Also ran: Lady Macdip (Leader) and Kali (Bryony (Hardy)).

(Winner trained by B. Robinson.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 5 to 4 agst Costly Lady, 9 to 9 on R. F. Hicks' 7 to 2 Mondamin, 8 to 1 Ronay, 10 to 10 on St. Leter Boa, 100 to 90 Medusa, and 20 to 1 each others. Costly Lady, 100 to 90 Mondamin, and 20 to 1 each others. Won by four lengths; two lengths between second and third.

5.10.—ROUSE PLATE of 5000 svs. for two-year-olds. Three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. W. Hall Walks' CYARDIA COLE, 2st 1lb. ... H. Jones 1
Mr. D. J. Jardine's CYARDIA COLE, 2st 1lb. ... H. Jones 1
Mr. W. R. Wyndham's GABRIEL, 2st 1lb. ... Lawson 3
Mr. D. Baird's DUNAMIN, 8st 5lb. ... Rickaby 2
Mr. D. Baird's MONDAMIN, 8st 5lb. ... Rickaby 2
Also ran: Lady Macdip (Leader) and Kali (Bryony (Hardy)).

(Winner trained by B. Robinson.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 11 to 4 on Colonia, 7 to 1 1 agst Cyardia colt, 100 to 7 Mondamin, 20 to 1 same, and 55 to 33 each others. "Sportsman" prices the same. Won by a length; three lengths between second and third.

4.40.—SCARBOROUGH STAKES of 1000 svs. each, p.p. Five furlongs.

Mr. J. A. de Rothschild's MISTLE, 3srs. 6st. Cockerton 1
Mr. H. E. Randall's LADY DIAKKA, 3srs. 6st. ... Plant 2

Also ran: Lady Macdip (Leader) and Kali (Bryony (Hardy)).

(Winner trained by Pratts.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 5 to 4 agst "Sportsman" Prices: 9 to 4 on Mistle.

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 5 to 4 agst "Sportsman" Prices: 9 to 4 on Mistle. Won by two lengths.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

DONCASTER.

PRINCE OF WALES'S NURSERY PLATE (handicap) of 10,000 svs. The Sandal Mile.

Mr. G. Lamont's ZANONI, 6s. 6d., 7st 1lb. ... G. Lamont 1
Mr. G. F. Freeman's ST. LETER BOA, 7st 1lb. ... H. Jones 2
Also ran: Hackler's Pride (D. Dillon), Whistling Crown (H. Jones), Almsfolk (Martin), Extradition (Plant), Wink-wink (Templeman), and Girose (Hicks).

(Winner trained by C. Peck.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 5 to 4 agst "Sportsman" Prices: 9 to 4 on Mistle. Won by two lengths.

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